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Front and back covers, "Repeat Harlequin!" Said the Ticktockman, by **Dan Ivan Punchatz**

Cover oil paintings by Dan Ivan Punchatz, interpreting Harlan Ellison's Hugo and Nebula award-winning story, "'Repeat, Harlequin!' Said the Ticktockman." Commissioned originally for the limited hardcover edition, *The Illustrated Harlan Ellison* (published by Baronet Books, 1979).

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Illustration by Michael Wm. Kaluta

...Thirty-four...

A new year is upon us, and with the new year, a new *Heavy Metal*. This issue, we launch an entirely new section in the magazine, devoted to four regular columns and associated items.

Jay Kinney writes about comix—providing both a serial history of the undergrounds as well as an up-to-date commentary on the current underground comix scene. Jay's too modest to mention it, but his *Young Lust* is one of the best of the undergrounds; and as a participant in the underground comix for the past ten years, he's uniquely qualified to write on the subject.

Steve Brown covers current SF—science fiction, speculative fiction, sleazy fantasy—you can pick your own words to fit the acronym—from a somewhat different vantage point. Until recently the manager of Moonstone Bookcellar, Washington DC's premier SF bookstore, Brown has contributed SF criticism to *Thrust* and *Science Fiction Review* and is himself an up-and-coming new SF author.

Lou Stathis began a column similar to the one that premieres here for *Fantastic Stories* a year ago, but was the victim of a change of publisher and editorial direction at that magazine. A native New Yorker, his writing is imbued with Big Apple energy and an inside appreciation for the current rock music scene.

Bhob Stewart has a list of credits longer than my arm: The first EC fanzine; actor in the original New York productions of plays by Frank O'Hara, LeRoi Jones, and others; artist on the *Realist* back cover strip, "J.C."; filmmaker (*The Year the Universe Lost the Pennant*, 1961); four years as motion picture editor of *TV Guide*; editor of *Castle of Frankenstein* magazine; editor and designer of *Flashback*; coeditor of the underground tabloid *Gothic Blimp Works*; author of *Henry, Jane and Peter* (Belmont-Tower, 1976); coauthor of *Scream Queens* (1978); and a frequent contributor to *Nostalgia Illustrated*, *Cinefantastique*, *TV Guide*, *Fantastic Films*, *Starship*, *Footfare*, *Spin Trout*, and Boston's *Real Paper*.

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Ted:

Slick paper or not, one of the things *Heavy Metal* has always had going for it is that, despite a tremendous flood of innovation, imagination, and free speculation, it's still basically a comic book. That means, as Jules Feiffer stoutly maintained, that the *truly* adult mind will probably always admit, although sometimes grudgingly, that it is, at rock bottom, merely trash.

But what *glorious* trash it is! And no matter how adult we become, I hope everyone recognizes the little leftover corner in everyone's personality that, even for an hour a month, can remember how downright soul satisfying it was to squish out a dozen perfectly shaped mud pies, before showering for dinner and disco.

And there have been a *lot* of perfectly shaped mud pies in the magazines I have been rereading in the past couple of months. I have a fondness for the complete story in eight pages or less—"Shells" and "Coming Apart" and both "Time Out" sequences and "Free Way" are the ones that explode in my memory—but I doubt that any comic book anywhere has manufactured so perfect a mud pie as "Exterminator 17" or "Heilman" or "The Long Tomorrow" or "World Apart."

And maybe *that* is the aspect of this trash heap called *Heavy Metal* that justifies anyone voicing opinions and calling them "criticism": it's perfectly possible for someone standing before a newsstand to point to title after title and say, "That's trash, that's trash, that's trash, *that* is *real* trash, but *this* happens to be the best goddamned trash on the market today!"

HM is *great* trash in the same way that early superhero comics were, the way *Crimebuster* and the early *Crime Does Not Pay* were, the way most of EC was, the way that Marvel's and Warren's golden-era ('60s) stuff was. Within the frame of the comic book, I am continually astonished at how much surprises me because it is so *good*. It's the reason why any art-history scholar would snicker if I pointed to pages fifty-three and fifty-four of the Druillet story in the December 1978 *HM* and spoke of echoes of both Gustave Moreau and Winsor McCay—even though the echoes *are there*. The fact is that much of what appears in *HM* invokes the *feeling* if not the substance of greatness by how much it stands out above the general level of excellence of the current comic books surrounding it, and, in my opinion, even the isolated peaks and massed mountain ranges of comics from the past.

Damn. I hadn't meant, honestly, to mount the soapbox so soon. All I really intended to say was that I have not felt such a burst of wildly passionate enthusiasm since the month in which I read my first issue of *Weird Science*, and the words *a new trend* and *the EC tradition* became part of my vocabulary.

You will be hearing a *lot* from me from now on; I can make that promise.

Larry Stark
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Larry Stark is the compiler of the Heavy Metal Concordance *plugged in our "Comix" section this issue; he was also the premier critic of EC fandom in the early fifties. It's a pleasure to welcome him to these pages.—TW.*

Dear Heavies,

I was very disappointed with the *Metal Hurlant* special on Lovecraft, and I was hoping your version would be better. It was not. Being a Lovecraft fan for a long time now, I consider the only story faithful to Lovecraft to have been "The Dunwich Horror" by Breccia. (You should have translated the other story by Breccia that was in the *Metal Hurlant* special.) The only way I could forgive you that special would be for you to translate the book *Cthulhu* by Breccia, published by Les Humanoides.

Recently your magazine has been getting a lot of criticism on the content. I have a few suggestions that could rectify the situation. Since you have published material from *Pilote*, I'm sure you could get the rights to translate the next adventure of Valerian, *agent spatio-temporel*, by Christian and Mezieres; and if you have any doubts about their talents, you should take a peek at their latest book, *Les Heros de l'Equinoxe*. You should also translate *L'Enclume de la Foudre* by Greg and Paape, and *Bob Morane* by Vernes and Vance. I'll finish my letter by asking if you plan to translate the latest SF book by Moebius, *Tueur de Monde*.

Marc Tessier
Jonquiere, Quebec
Canada

As a matter of fact, yes; once "Airtight Garage" concludes—in another couple of issues—we do plan to translate both Tueur de Monde *and* Les Yeux du Chat. *Moebius is spending most of his time now on his westerns—"Lieutenant Blueberry" and "Jim Cutlass"—which he does under his real name, Jean Giraud ("Gir"), but we still have a good deal of his fantastical work (as "Moebius") lined up. As long as we're on the subject, how do you readers feel about the idea of our running one of his western stories here? Do you think Lieutenant Blueberry might fit in* Heavy Metal? *Would you like to see a sample? And, to return to an earlier point of Marc's, we'll be starting a Valerian serial here before the year's out.—TW.*

Dear Editor,

In regard to your HPL issue, the only horror I felt was paying $.50 more for an issue of *Heavy Metal*. If I wanted a comic book, I'd have bought a comic book. Get it together.

Bill West
Timmons, Ontario
Canada

Okay, so Canadian editions of HM *went up to $2.00 in October; Americans will have the same pleasure next month. But what happened, Bill? Didn't your copy have the centerfold playmate? Or was it the audio supplement that was missing? At least you had that smashing road test of the new turbo-diesel Mercedes, so what's your complaint?—TW.*

Editor:

I have purchased every issue of your magazine. At times I have wondered why. I have grumbled to myself on the occasions, all too frequent, of having found that I had laid out $1.50 for a singularly mediocre issue. Now, however, I must voice to you my disappointment with the October issue. Of sixteen items in a "special" H. P. Lovecraft issue, only nine have anything to do with Lovecraft. Actually there are only eight items, since the only thing that qualifies the item by Moebius is its title, "Kiulu."

I have nothing, well, almost nothing, but praise for "The Dunwich Horror" by Breccia (the depiction of Wilbur's brother is so-so), "The Thing" by Voss ("The Thing"?!?? Lord, give me strength. The title should be "The Statement of Randolph Carter"), "Love's Craft" by Kelly, "The Alchemist's Notebook" by Hurd and Baetz (Mr. Simonson should read "The Call of Cthulhu" and then draw Lovecraft's creation. I don't know what the creature pictured on page seventy is, but it is most certainly not Great Cthulhu), and the front cover by Potter. Some of the non-Lovecraft items are good, but what are they doing in a Lovecraft issue?

On another subject, let me add my thoughts to those of Henning Fernstrom concerning *Alien*. It is not a great movie. I would not even go so far as to call it a good movie. As for *Alien* being "a display of dedicated creativity from the hands of professional artists" (letter of M. Sages), hah! *Alien* is nothing more than the marriage, or should I say shack up, of the plot of an old '50s B movie and special effects that are not even state of the art. The only redeeming feature of the movie is that for once the monster does not look like a man in a rubber suit.

Michael Cox
Independence, Mo.

Well, that's a relief, anyway.—TW.

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...Thirty-four...

continued from page 3

It remains only to introduce myself. *Heavy Metal*'s new editor. Both long-time comics and SF fans will be familiar with my name. *Squa Tront* credits me with the first comics fan publication (circa 1951), but my largest claim to fame in the comics world is my authorship of the 1968 Captain America novel *The Great Gold Steal*. I've been an SF writer since 1962, an SF editor (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, Amazing Science Fiction, Fantastic Stories*) since 1963, and a rock critic since 1964. I'm here to emphasize the written content of *HM* a little more than it has been in the past, and to continue the work of my predecessors on the illustrative end. Readers of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* will recall my lengthy editorials in those magazines: I hope they won't be disappointed if my presence here is less verbose and more subliminal.

Julie Simmons, who has been here since this magazine's inception and before, and John Workman, who is responsible for the art direction and a lot more besides, remain indispensable parts of the editorial triumvirate. Their efforts have helped make *Heavy Metal* the unique magazine that it is: a truly international comic magazine for intelligent adults, with a strong accent on SF and fantasy. Together, we intend to build upon its already outstanding achievements an even better magazine. Write and let us know how well you think we're doing.

—Ted White

MUZICK

Lou Stathis

As I sit here, manning the graveyard shift of the seventies—nattily attired in Devo™ pajamas, and jockey shorts with the provocatively posed likeness of Debby Harry silkscreened on the inside flap—I think the time is most appropriate for a dissection of this almost expired decade to begin. Then we can toast the parts, and bury them as far the fuck away from each other as possible. Like the after burn of a Big Mac, the eulogizing mood has clenched my gut, and damned if I'm going to sit by and let everyone else kick the corpse to a bloody pulp before I can get my licks in.

So, let me be the first to say that that it was a particularly bleak collection of years we just slouched through. It was a decade that we spent first recovering from the exertion of the preceding ten years (an era to be found in your history books as the "Swinging Sixties"), and then suddenly finding ourselves forced into preparing for the onset of the next bunch (found in science fiction as the "Egregious Eighties"). In the cultural mainstream, this translated into years of turtlelike head retraction and atrophy of the creative organs, courtesy of the despairing, Nixonian fart cloud that hung over us. In the world of rok—and by that I *don't* mean the tuna fish that you get on your radio—all that was authentic to the seventies can be summed up in about four words: Roxy Music and Sex Pistols.

Okay, you can stop twitching and yelling. I did *not* say that these two bands were responsible for the only decent music to come out of the last ten years, only that most anything interesting created during that time was built on groundwork laid either by these two bands, or the seminal groups of the sixties, such as the Beatles, Pink Floyd, King Crimson, the Soft Machine, Iggy and the Stooges, and the Velvet Underground.

continued on page 36

THE MULTIMEDIA ALBUM

The rumors started during the summer: a new Brian Eno album, but different from his others. Different how? No one was quite sure. Then a friend from a bookstore showed me a flyer for something called *The Multimedia Album*, coming from Spain (*Spain?*). We were at a party; I didn't get any details and only a glimpse of the flyer, but Pete Sinfield—King Crimson's original lyricist, the man who *named* that group, in fact; the guy who'd done English lyrics for the Italian band PFM, and made a solo album called *Still*—did it say something about him doing the vocals? But then there was something about a story by Robert Sheckley, too, and about how the album was a limited edition. No price was mentioned. "Hey," I told my friend from the bookstore, "I want one of them when they come in."

What happened was that Sinfield—who had also produced Roxy Music's first album and thus met Brian Eno in the process—had gone to live on Ibiza, an island off Spain, and there he'd met Robert Sheckley (who was also living there then) and a man named Martin Watson Todd, who ran the Galeria el Mensajero, a local art gallery. Then one day Brian Eno came to visit his friend Sinfield, and became part of the local social group of expatriots and artistic types. "I didn't know who this fellow Eno was at first," Sheckley recalls. "I'd never heard of his music, but he was somebody I could talk to...."

The end result was a collaboration. Sheckley had this story, "In a Land of Clear Colors." Martin found a beautiful Argentine artist named Leonor Quiles, who did a series of striking pencil drawings for the story. Peter Sinfield recorded the narration of excerpts from the story, and Eno supplied occasional music to accompany the narration. And there it was: *The Multimedia Album*, a boxed book (measuring about 13" by 13") with a full-length record album tucked into a pocket in the back cover. One thousand numbered copies were published, and then the record's metal masters were destroyed (certification has been provided to the *Album*'s purchasers). Price? $100.

Is it worth it?

That, I think, will depend on the degree of your fanaticism. Sheckley's story is excellent, a story of alien transformation, concerning a lone human from Earth on the planet Kaldor V, living among human-like people whose alien ways are bafflingly believable. Fine science fiction, full of alien wonders and mysteries and a kicker of an ending. Quiles's illustrations are highly modeled and imbued with their own qualities of sensual eroticism and grotesque alienness. The book, as a book, is nicely designed and produced, suffering only from poor proofing (I found over a dozen typographical errors and one paste-up error—a repeated line). Glossy stock is used and it takes the illustrations well. But I doubt very many people will want the *Album* solely for the book.

The collecting fanaticism is far stronger among progressive music fans, for many of whom Eno is God. Throw in Sinfield, and you have a potent mix.

Since the story is told as a series of entries in the Eanhman's journal, Sinfield's narration works quite well. Although he reads only excerpts from the complete story, these excerpts cover the main story threads and can be listened to without reference to the book. Sinfield's British accent does not seem very appropriate at first, but I found that after I'd listened to the record it was hard not to hear his voice as I read the text.

But what of Eno's music? Let me say immediately that there's not a whole lot of it—perhaps twenty minutes' worth, total, out of the approximately fifty minutes playing time of the record. Most of it is atmospheric and specifically keyed to the narration. None of it can be described as "rock," although any of it could have appeared on any album labeled "progressive rock." The music is a seamless sonic tapestry; it is *sound-track* music, as specifically functional as sound-track music must always be, and as such it is excellent, reinforcing the imagery of the narrated story. It fades in and out behind Sinfield's voice, never intruding, always supporting. There are only a few brief minutes when the music occupies the stage alone: at the beginning of the record and at the close of side one. The pressing of the record is typical of Spanish pressings: similar in quality to typical American pressings—which is to say, inferior to the best European pressings or most Japanese pressings. My copy buzzes and chirps in a couple of places—even on the best equipment. But these are momentary annoyances and don't interfere with one's enjoyment of the record itself.

How can you get a copy? Martin Watson Todd will be happy to sell you one if you have $100 (plus $10 postage and handling). Just write to the Galeria el Mensajero; Isidoro Macabich, 32; Santa Eulalia del Rio; Ibiza; Baleares; Spain. Tell him *Heavy Metal* sent you.—*Ted White*

COMIX

Jay Kinney

It is ironic that some of the best current comic art is also the hardest to find. Underground comix, quality anthologies, and related publications all usually suffer from miserable distribution. My hope with this column is to help remedy this situation by discussing the best recent work and providing access to it. To place current comix in perspective, I'm devoting the first several columns to a short capsule history of undergrounds.

Part One: **The Roots**

As he stood on the street corner in the Haight-Ashbury in 1967, hawking the first issue of *Zap Comics*, I'm sure that Robert Crumb had little inkling of the cultural movement he was helping to set in motion. Drawing up his own twenty-four-page comic, getting a friend to print it on his press, and selling it for a modest $.25 a copy seemed harmless enough. It also sounded like *fun* — and that is the key to the growth of underground comix.

Crumb's one-man comic had the air of a spontaneously goofy idea, rendered with simple elegance. It was unassuming, yet funny — like an old thirties animated cartoon by Fleischer. For those of us whose cravings for good comic art were not being satisfied by the overblown histrionics of the Marvel superhero comics or the pallid fourth-generation Sunday funnies, *Zap* was a refreshing bolt out of the blue — and very contagious.

Within a year there were several more self-published comics turning up in the head shops, including *Bijou Funnies*, edited by Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson in Chicago, and *Feds and Heads*, by Gilbert Shelton in Austin, Texas. Momentum was building, the idea was spreading, and the underground comix movement was born.

In all fairness, Crumb alone should not be saddled with the role of founder, for the genre had been bubbling beneath the surface for years. Comic historians tend to peg the scruffy, pint-sized eight-pagers of the thirties as the first underground

continued on page 77

SF

Steve Brown

Before the early sixties, popular music was a fairly simple genre to define. There were a few categories—R&B, rock 'n' roll, teenage laments, etc.—into which 90 percent of the songs could be easily pigeonholed. Since then, the music has grown, fissioned, recombined, and branched off in a dozen different directions.

Science fiction has paralleled this cultural explosion. Writers with backgrounds in anthropology, sociology, English literature, archaeology, music, poetry, and odd syntheses of these subjects and many others have shown up in the SF magazines. In a field noted for its devotion (for the most part —there have always been individualistic exceptions) to astronomy, physics, and the hardware of space travel, these "new" disciplines hit SF with the same impact LSD had on rock music.

The cross-fertilizations and incredible varieties of modern SF have made it the liveliest form of literature today, in a time when the mystery genre has virtually vanished into endless espionage sagas and books about psychopathic killers, when the historical novel has turned into cookie-cutter variations of *Passion's Deepest Thrust*, when the mainstream (or "serious") novel has inbred itself into an emotional desert filled with empty intellectual subtleties.

Two of the most popular subclasses of SF are (to carry the musical analogy a little further) rock 'n' roll and jazz.

The rock 'n' roll writers are people like Larry Niven, a writer with a simple prose style, negligible characterization, and a basic puzzle-solving story sense—but with a rich, yeasty imagination. Niven uses pure power-chord concepts—black holes, outrageous aliens, a planet constructed in a ring around its sun—that hit the reader on an intellectually visceral level without ever losing that back beat of invisibly rapid prose. This is in the grand tradition of SF; Niven seen as an Elvis Costello, refining and carrying on the verities of his Chuck Berry ancestors. Just as rock 'n' roll will never die, so will there always be new writers to stroke the reader's sense of wonder.

Then there are the jazz writers. Writers who are more appreciated than felt. Writers who take that back beat and write it with sprung rhythms and odd timings, utilizing a high degree of technical skill. I include in this group people like the early J.G. Ballard, Samuel R. Delany, the later Thomas Disch, Kate Wilhelm, and (for some really funky jazz) Philip K. Dick. These people are striving for much more than entertainment. They are forcing the reader to meet them halfway as they uncompromisingly explore their inner visions.

continued on page 84

FLIX

Bhob

When Stanley Kubrick's film version of *The Shining* is unveiled a few months from now, it may be hailed as the greatest horror film of the century. It seems that Kubrick, not content with escalating the art of the science fiction film in *2001*, long had a secret desire "to make the world's scariest movie." And he knew he had latched onto the right property when he read Stephen King's novel *The Shining*, about a five year old whose psychic powers trigger supernatural forces at a bizarro Colorado hotel, where he's snowbound with his mother and alcoholic father.

Stephen King grew up in the pale phosphor video-glow of the "Million Dollar Movie's" SF horrors, endlessly repeated. He was nurtured on a diet of the Big Three—Bradbury, Bloch, and Lovecraft, authors of *The Guidebook to Anywhat*. He devoured *Fate* magazine and the panels of dark pageantry in EC comics, that eruption of freaks, zombies, ghouls, and crazies whose doom wails shattered the still nights of the complacent fifties. He worked in a knitting mill and a laundromat, went to the University of Maine, and lived in "a crummy trailer" while teaching school. Today he is the world's best-selling author of horror fiction. The kid who watched the "Million Dollar Movie" now writes million dollar novels: his current contract is $2.5 million for three books.

After carving a batch of EC-influenced short stories out of his typewriter for *Cavalier* and other publications, he created the telekinetic *Carrie*, staked out *Salem's Lot* with vampires, and then decided to move his fiction out of New England: *The Shining* came into being when he combined a Colorado vacation with his quest for a fresh story setting. ("Nothing was coming" is the way he put it.) In Colorado it was suggested to King and his wife, Tabitha, that they stay at Estes Park's famous Stanley Hotel (where Johnny Ringo was supposedly gunned down). They arrived at the end of the tourist season, the day before Halloween, and checked into

continued on page 79

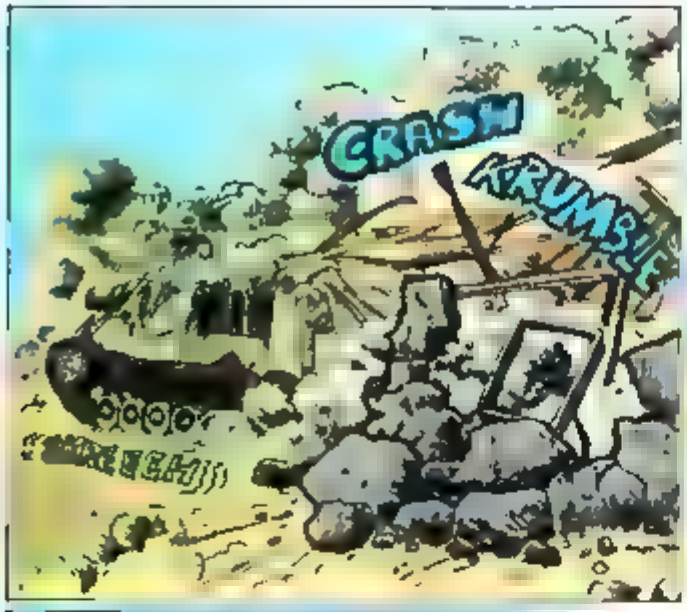
The Story of Rowlf

PART 3
CONCLUSION

Copyright © 1971, 1979 by Richard V. Corben

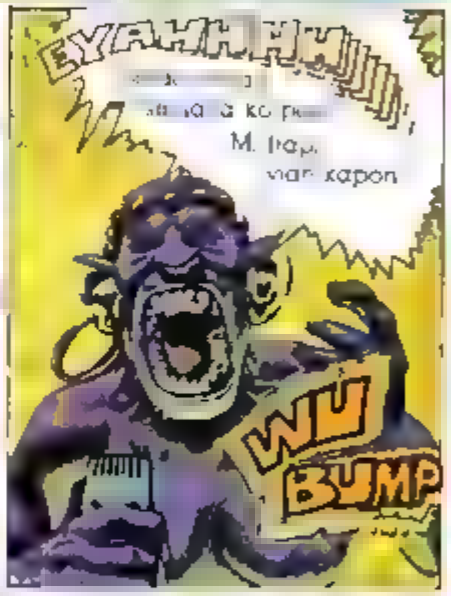
Since the chief was throwing his usual coming-home party this evening, only two gun crews were on duty at the landside guard post. One crew was on guard; the others were asleep in the barracks.

Ho, Serĝento!
Vi alvenis frue . . . kie estas la alia trio? Foresta senpermesa? Heh, heh, heh!
Serĝento? Kia Ĝeno?
WHAMP
KRUD
KRASH
RUMBLE


CRASH
KRUMBLE

WHINE

Gorgum.


EYAHHHHHH!!!
WU
BUMP

KUGH!
KUGH!
WU
BUMP
BUMP

YAUK
YAUK
YAUK
YAUK
Heh
Heh
Heh
Heh
Heh
Heh
HONORU VENKO KAJ LA ĈEFO!
RRIIIP

EEEE

RAWWCH
CHMP
BUMP
YAARRRRR
BOM

EEEEEEEE
HALIGH!
KRAK
GAUGH!
THUD
SNAP

Fleeing on the king's tank

BAM BAM
KA BOOM
ROAR

Sortrum, you've got to do something! Make a spell to protect us in case those demons return
OH GOD! They're back!
YAH!
A spell! Sortrum make a spell to save us!
It's the girl and the dog!
BROOKLYN SKINNER

Rayman
I'm back!
Rowlf saved
me!

Yara! You're naked!! What happened?
LOOK. The dog creature
His transformation set those devils upon us. He must be destroyed, and quickly!
FRAP
MAD!
HAK
SAM
The spell
Crap
BROOAAH

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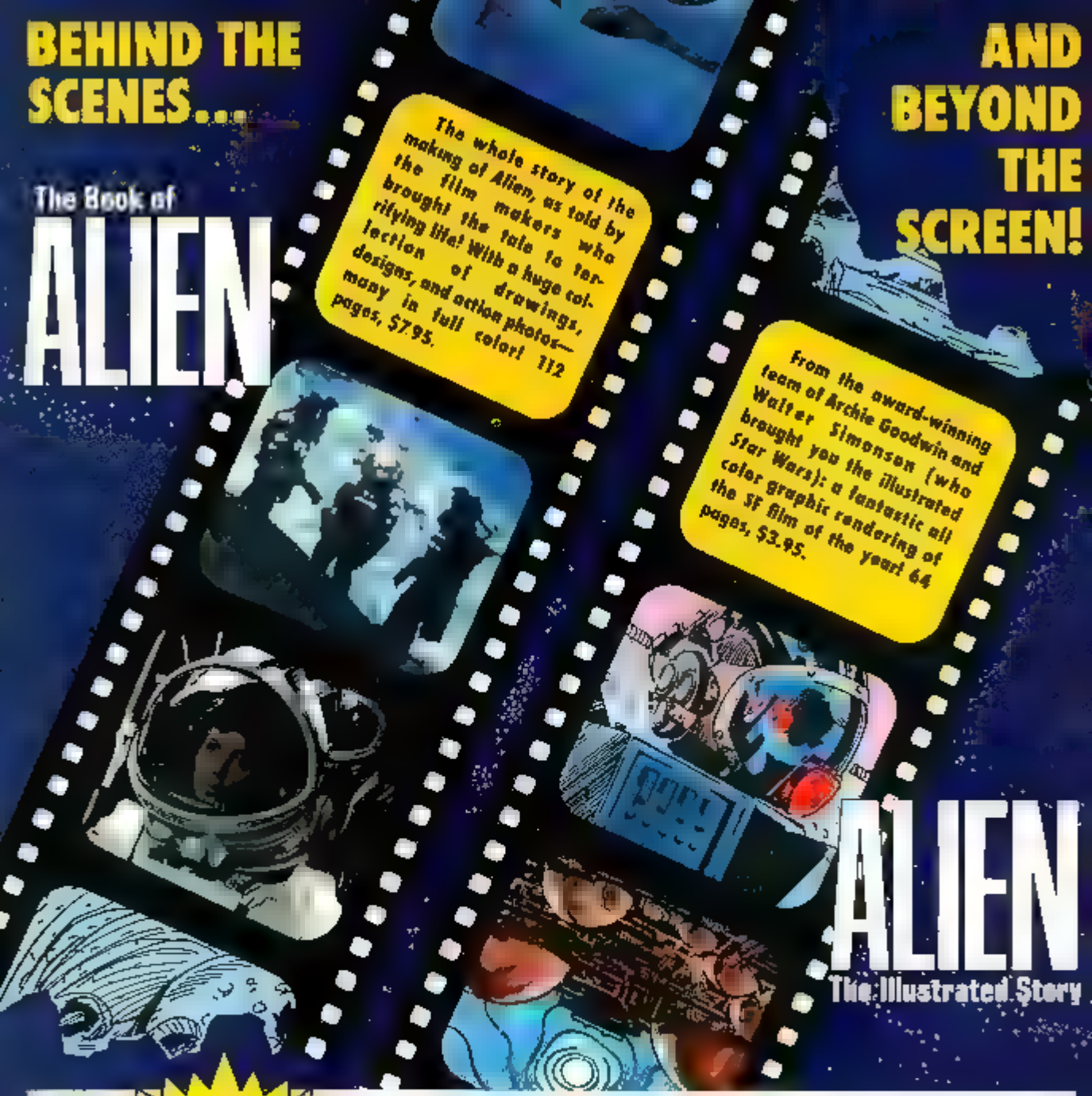

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THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

DAMN, JUST MISSED ME..
SHIT BLOCKED IT
THOK!
OOMPHH!
DIDN'T EVEN SEE THAT ONE..
RUSH!
WAP!!!
FUCK IT!
WOW! THAT ONE RATTLED MY TEETH, MAN
SORRY MAN LISTEN IT'S LATE ANYWAY WHY DON'T WE JUST BOW OUT; CALL IT QUITS FOR TONIGHT?

SHIT... SUPPOSED TO BE A FRIENDLY SPARRING MATCH AND I HAD TO GET CARRIED AWAY
OH
SEE YA TOMORROW NIGHT!
MAYBE IF WHEN I DO THAT
SERIOUSLY SOMETIMES GOTTA LEARN TO
HELL, I DON'T HAVE TO BEAT EVERYONE
WELL, I'M NOT GONNA WORRY ABOUT IT NOW JUST GONNA RELAX, EAR MY HEAD AND GET FOR A TEN MIN. ??
WOW, FEEL STRANGE
DAMN, FEEL WEIRD, DIZZY, LOSING
SHIT, WHAT'S GOING
HEY, MAN
Crash!

ONLY BY COMPLETE COMMITMENT TO POLITICAL ACTION CAN WE HOPE TO
I SAY, LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE FOR THEMSELVES
POLLY PURE POLLY
MORE CHAMPAGNE DARLING?
BUT REMEMBER THAT CARTESIAN DUALISM AND
WHO THE FUCK CARES?
PLEASURE PLEASURE AND JOY ARE THE ONLY MEANINGFUL THINGS LEFT TO EXPERIENCE...
I WANT HER BODY
THE DRAGONS WERE ALL ABOUT ME
THE KING IS A BLOCKHEAD
HEGEL NEVER STATED THAT, NOT IN THOSE WORDS I MEAN
QUITE A PRETTY LADY
GOTTA RING OUT WHERE THE FUCK AM
EXCUSE ME SIR BUT COULD YOU TELL ME
THERE, YOU SEE THIS BOOK IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE POINT I WAS MAKING
NONSENSE!
FUCK HIM
'SCUSE ME BUT UH WHERE AM I, I MEAN WHERE'S HERE AND WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
I'M SORRY BUT DO YOU THINK SUCH QUESTIONS ARE APPROPRIATE FOR THIS OCCASION?
CHOMP
'SCUSE ME BUT I'M CONFUSED I
OF COURSE YOU'RE CONFUSED HERE AM CONFUSED I'M SURE IT'S A REFLECTION OF OUR TIMES
WHAT THE FU
SIR I'VE JUST ARRIVED HERE AND
WELL I'VE JUST LEFT AS NOT REALLY HERE HAHAHA HAHAHA HUHH!
IF SOMEONE DOESN'T TELL ME WHAT TH FUCK'S GOING ON HERE

I'M GONNA DO SOME SERIOUS ASS KICKIN'.
RELAX, MY FRIENDS
HUH?
LEAVE THIS IMPULSIVE AND CALLOW YOUTH TO ME
ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH HAVING UPSET EVERYONE WITH YOUR VIOLENT OUTBURST? WAS T REALLY NECESSARY?
W WEL. THEY WOULDN'T ANSWER ME
OH POOR POOR BOY THESE PEOPLE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR BEING HERE THEY HAVE PROBLEMS OF THEIR OWN WHAT MAKES YOU TH NK YOUR SITUATION IS SO MUCH MORE IMPORTANT?
I uh GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT BUT I STILL WANT TO KNOW WHERE I AM
IN DUE TIME HAVE SOME CHAMPAGNE FIRST THEN WE CAN WALK IN THE GARDEN AND DISCUSS IT

T IT BEAUTIFUL OUT HERE
AH BUT THAT'S

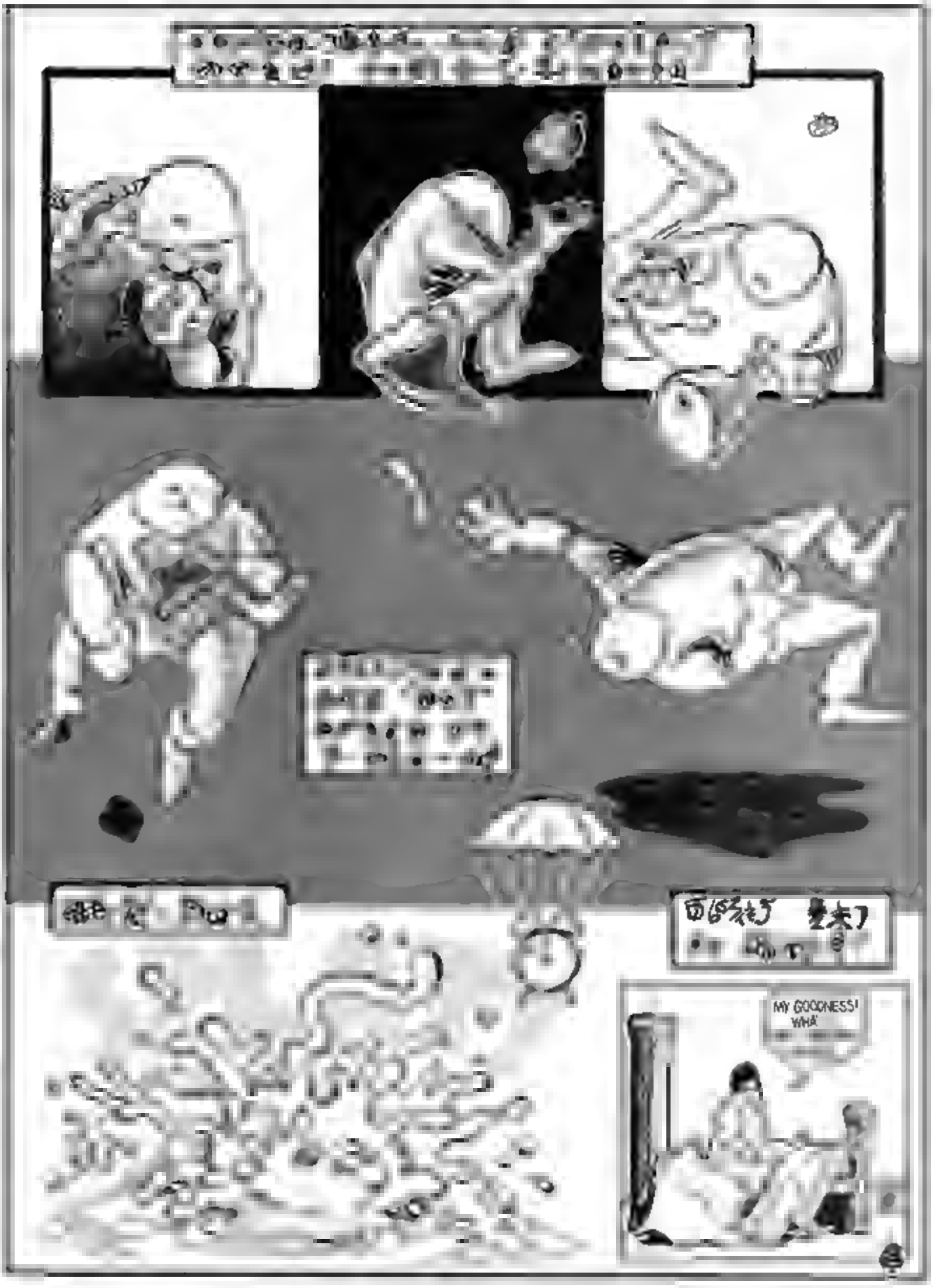
THINGS OFF. COME
WHAT COULD MAKE MORE SENSE THAN LOVE ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?

NO!

PHEW!
THAT WAS... GREAT
WELL, THINK I'LL GET A SHOWER
DAMN, IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I LOSE A MATCH NOW AND THEN
SURE AM GLAD I TOOK UP KARATE!
The End

WOMB WITH A VIEW

by Dan Steffan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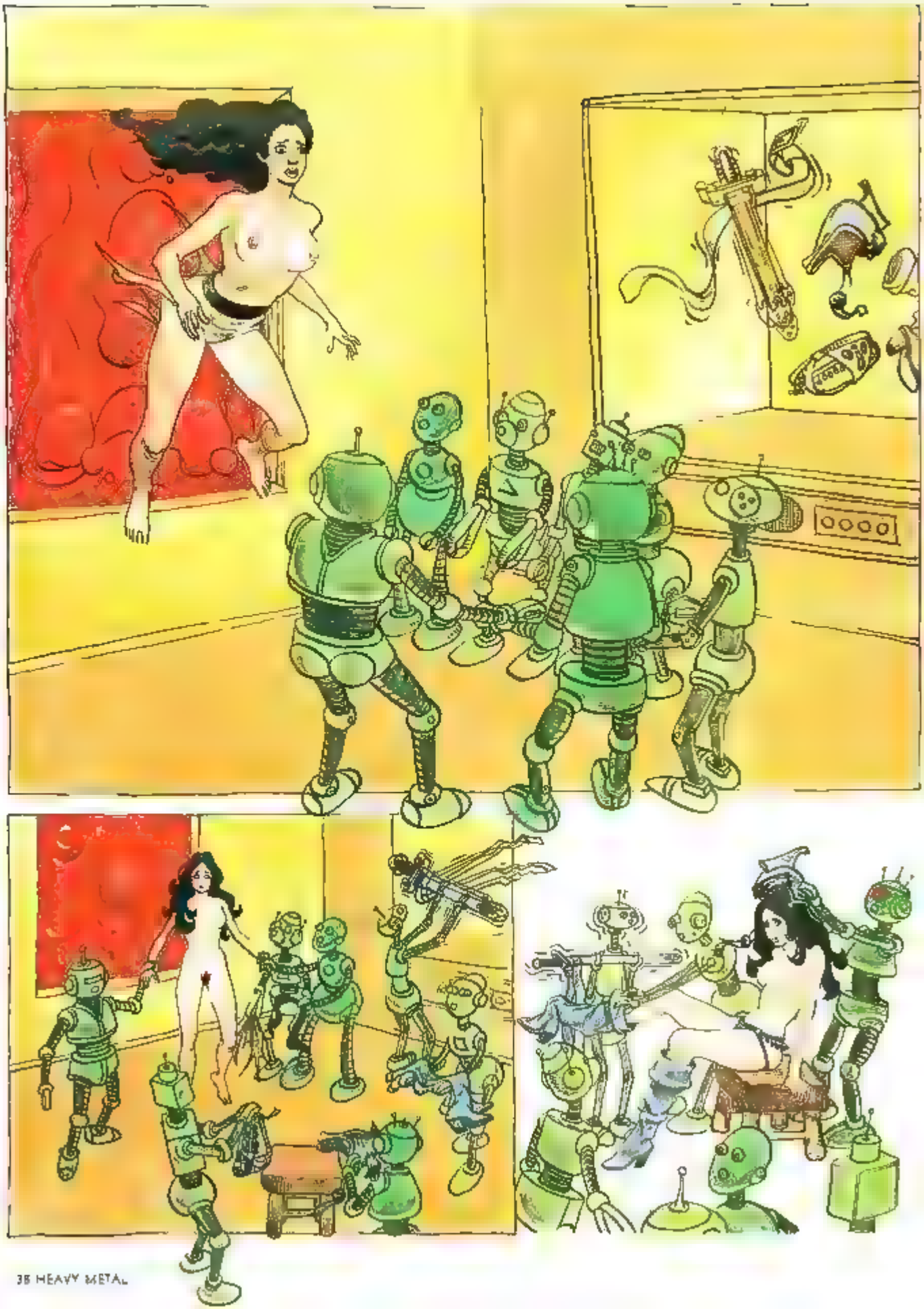

THE END

A word of warning...

Thirteen never-before-seen color photographs from the hit movie Alien to tingle the imagination every month of 1980.

January

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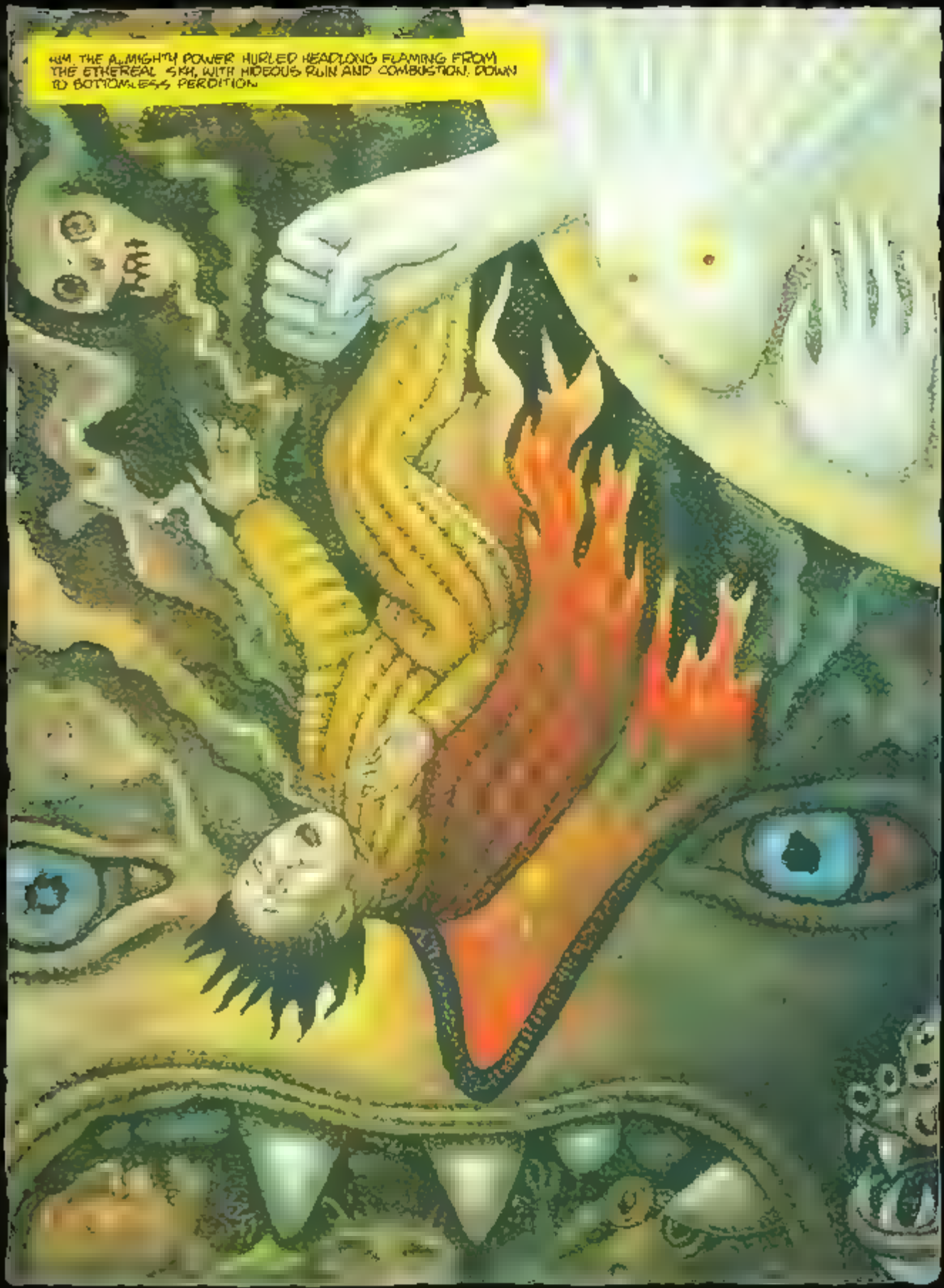
PART ONE:
PARADISE LOST
ILTON
BY
LINDALL

WHAT ONE HE TRUSTED TO HAVE EQUALLED THE MOST HIGH IF HE OPPOSE
AND WITH AMBITIOUS AIM AGAINST THE THRONE AND MONARCHY OF GOD RAISED IMPIOUS WAR IN HEAVEN AND BATTLE PROUD, WITH VAIN ATTEMPT


HIM THE ALMIGHTY POWER HURLED HEADLONG FLAMING FROM THE ETHEREAL SKY, WITH HIDEOUS RUIN AND COMBUSTION, DOWN TO BOTTOMLESS PERDITION

SPACE RACE 3000...

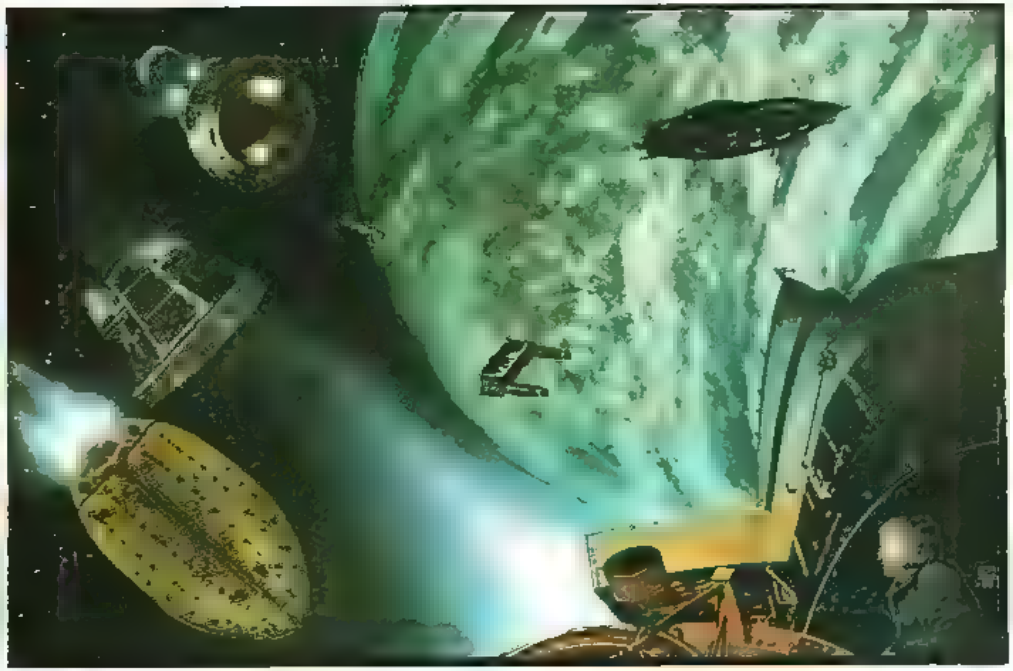
Underestimating planet Lea s atmospheric drag cost T ggh Nafuss his private speed shuttle whose melting shield leaves a meteorlike trail of ions as the craft bounces into space a ruined ship

STELLAR JOURNALS

Veteran Pilots Test Skills in Sublight Race

While celebrations of the third millenium continue throughout the Federation of Suns, still foremost in recent memory is the Planet's Space Race, a 300 AU contest between space vehicles of all classes restricted to sublight speeds. Although there is doubt that a race of this kind will be repeated, due to the loss of three ships and two entire crews, few would argue that it was the most exciting interplanetary event of the century.

Winning Earth pilot Ash DiVries offers sage advice to journalists in his command module after the race. He attributes his win to the efficiency of Psyco-Comp control. The PC gives my thoughts commands, instantaneous implementation at sublight or Stardrive and gives a pilot the edge needed to avoid disaster. *At left*: Two of his crew appear more enthusiastic.



The starting lineup pulls away from Planet in this view from DiVries's ship, *Lunas*. Tight groupings of ships were common at close approaches to planets, increasing the danger of collision, a rarity on normal space traffic. The entrants shown here are (*from the top*: Regulus *Colony Tractor 87*, Earth shuttle *Magenta* and Norton *Regulator 010*, which won the second prize.

the Winner

Winning starship *Lunas* largest in the race is also proving to be the fastest as it rounds the larger moon of Airtu far ahead of the competition. Its PC command allows maximum performance in marginal areas like those that cost Nafuss his shuttle.

Space Race 3000 began as a nostalgic idea proposed by the League of Command, the elite corps of Federation SpaceShip Commanders. These veterans of interstellar travel have yearned to recapture some of the adventure of the earlier days — adventure they find lacking in present day travel at Stardrive where physical piloting is not possible. The idea for a sublight race was immediately accepted by all members of the Federation as an exciting event that would further the unification of Federation peoples.

The Planis system was selected as the race site because its planetary structure most suited a speed run that would use nearly all piloting skills normally required in sublight duty. Planis is also near the center-most point in Federation space and is well equipped to service a race between ships from different systems.

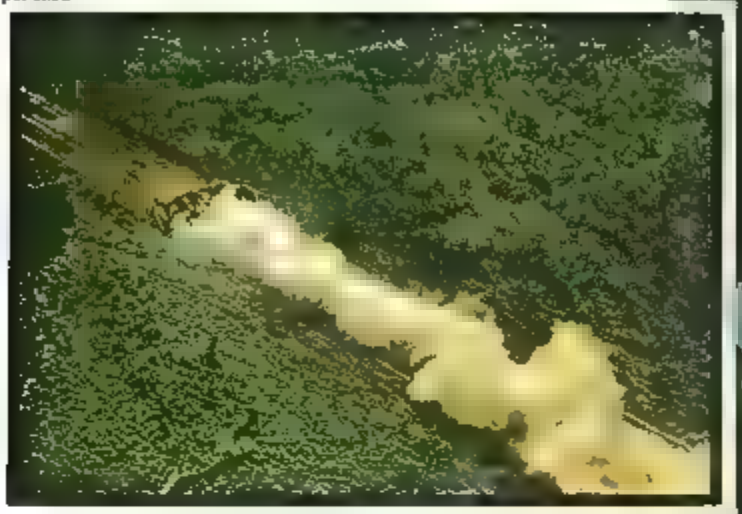
Disaster struck just before the race as the ships were assembling. A Tsalierol vessel crashed on takeoff from Planis spaceport. The pilot attempted an emergency landing on a Burbuk Farm road, but the ship exploded soon after it touched down.

Many ships experienced breakdowns due to gravity stress or overheated engines, but most participants finished the difficult course in, or well under, the predicted time interval of 6.595 units. The *Lunas*'s recorded time was 4.493.

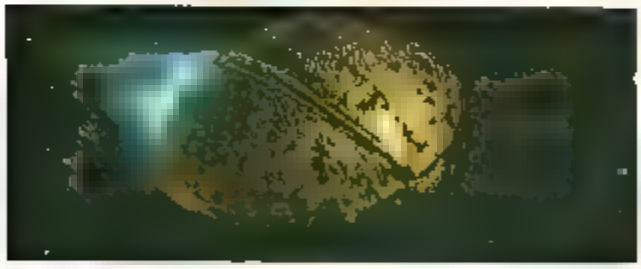
The cause of the second tragedy of the race, an explosion that destroyed the *Lumbar* as it neared Lea, is still a mystery — and may remain so. All that is known was recorded inadvertently by a pilot's camera. The explosion pattern seems to indicate that a primary engine of the Earth cruiser had exploded.

Two Tragedies Mar Race

The Lu's Tsaiterol ship is seen *below* a moment before it exploded. *At right*, A massive flare in space marks the spot where the *Lumbar* mysteriously perished



Despite the gloom of two catastrophies, forty-three ships finished the Space Race without difficulty. Surprisingly, no serious problems arose during the difficult maneuvers around the double star - a leg of the race where some feared a few ships might be lost



Norons Win 2nd Prize

Of the forty-eight spacecraft that entered Space Race 3000, most were from human colonies. The Tsaiterol entered six ships and the Norons only two. In spite of the competition and the distance the Norons had traveled to join the race, they finished in second and sixth place.

Their craft's simple design reflects the Norons' organic attitude toward technology. Indeed, the human traveler onboard a Noron vessel, with its lubed interior, often reports feeling as though borne inside a huge beast. It is perhaps the infusion of organics with mechanics that makes a Noron engine more efficient in overall performance than the same engine of Earth or Tsaiterol technology, even though the designs are basically the same. This is why the Norons are fast becoming known as the engineers of the Federation.

After the race, second-prize-winning pilot UNnPi7 (Fed. Dex.) confers with a crewman who hangs next to him, *facing away from the camera*). A curious navigator extends an eyepod toward the photographer's Vidcam (*right*). The Norons commented that the value of the experience far outweighed the FC 300 second prize and hoped the race would be repeated.

Written and illustrated by **Kart Kofoed**

ZOOKS!

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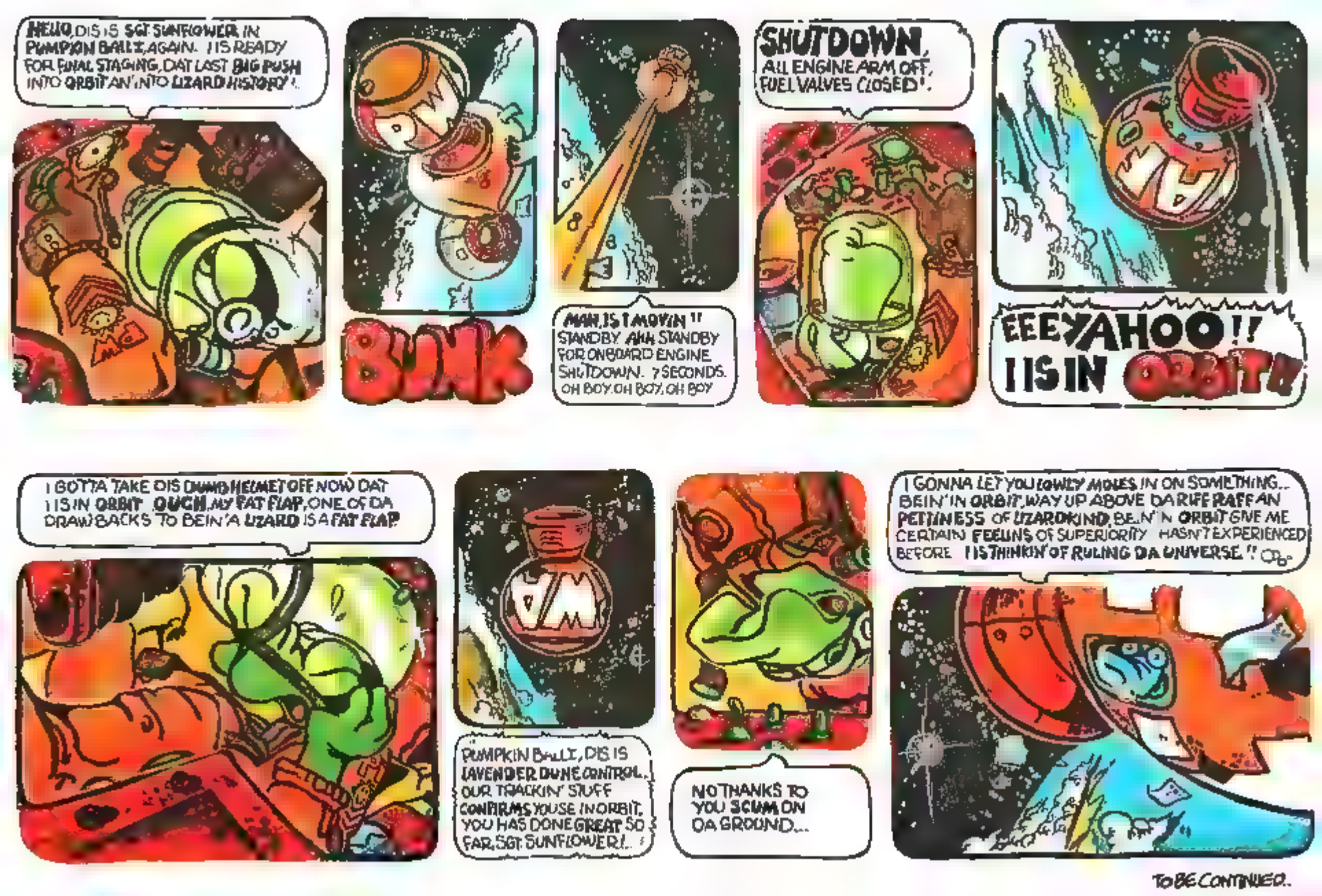
LAVENDER DUNE, DIS IS ME IN PUMPKIN BALL I. EVERYTHING MOVIN' JUST FINE O PHERE. I SHOOTIN' UP LIKE A ROCKET, SO TO SPEAK OOP MY CLOCK JUS' RUNG, IT TIME FOR STAGING..
CHUNK
BUMP
HOOSH
DIS IS FANTASTIC!! I IS GOIN' OVER 6000 BIG ONES AN HOUR AND. I IS. 35 MILES UP ALREADY!! BOY, I WISH MOMMY WAS HANGIN' AROUN' TO SEE DIS.
© 1970 VAUGHN BODE DBA


HELLO, DIS IS SGT SUNFLOWER IN PUMPKIN BALLI, AGAIN. IIS READY FOR FINAL STAGING, DAT LAST BIG PUSH INTO ORBIT AN' INTO LIZARD HISTORY!.
BUNK
MAN, IS I MOVIN'! STANDBY. AKA STANDBY FOR ONBOARD ENGINE SHUTDOWN. 7 SECONDS. OH BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY
SHUTDOWN, ALL ENGINE ARM OFF, FUEL VALVES CLOSED!.
EEEYAHOO!! IIS IN ORBIT!!
I GOTTA TAKE DIS DUMB HELMET OFF NOW DAT IIS IN ORBIT. OUCH, MY FAT FLAP, ONE OF DA DRAWBACKS TO BEIN' A LIZARD IS A FAT FLAP
PUMPKIN BALLI, DIS IS LAVENDER DUNE CONTROL.. OUR TRACKIN' STUFF CONFIRMS YOUSE IN ORBIT, YOU HAS DONE GREAT SO FAR, SGT. SUNFLOWER!..
NO THANKS TO YOU SCUM ON DA GROUND...
I GONNA LET YOU LOWLY MOLES IN ON SOMETHING.. BEIN' IN ORBIT, WAY UP ABOVE DA RIFF RAFF AN PETTINESS OF LIZARDKIND, BEIN' IN ORBIT GIVE ME CERTAIN FEELINS OF SUPERIORITY HASN'T EXPERIENCED BEFORE. IIS THINKIN' OF RULING DA UNIVERSE.!!
TO BE CONTINUED..

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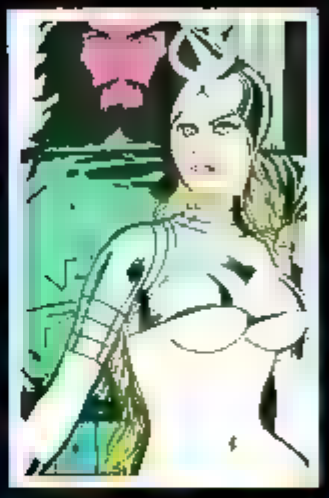

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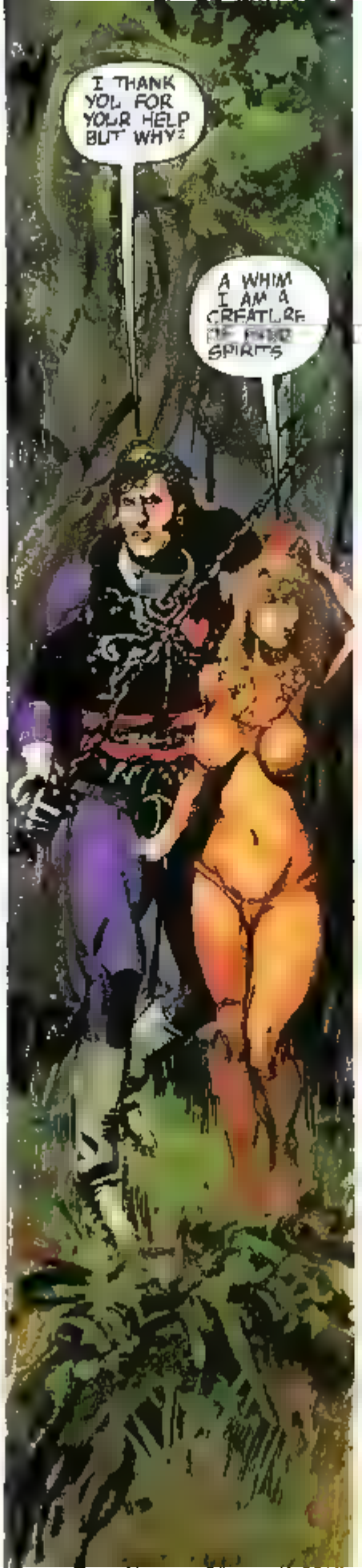
This sixty-four page volume by Moebius, mysterious mentor of

GALLERY SECTION: NEW BOOKS

If one picture is equal to a thousand words, here are ten thousand words. A sampling from three new books, Chaykin and Moorcock's *The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell;* Bissette and Veitch's *1941, The Illustrated Story*; and Ron Cobb's *Colorvision*.

We fought fiercely in defense of the [illegible] but could [illegible] through
By nightfall half our number lay dead & there seemed no end to the savage army of men and women coming to raze our village to the ground!

The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell



Michael Moorcock says of Howard Chaykin, "I knew the frustrations Chaykin was facing with some of the commissions he had. I knew how much commitment he was capable of putting into a job. I knew the enormous potential he possessed. I felt that if I handed him an idea he would make far more of it than I could."

Moorcock handed him the idea for *The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell*.

What you see, Moorcock explains, is a result of true collaboration, ideas fed back and forth, with one sparking the other.

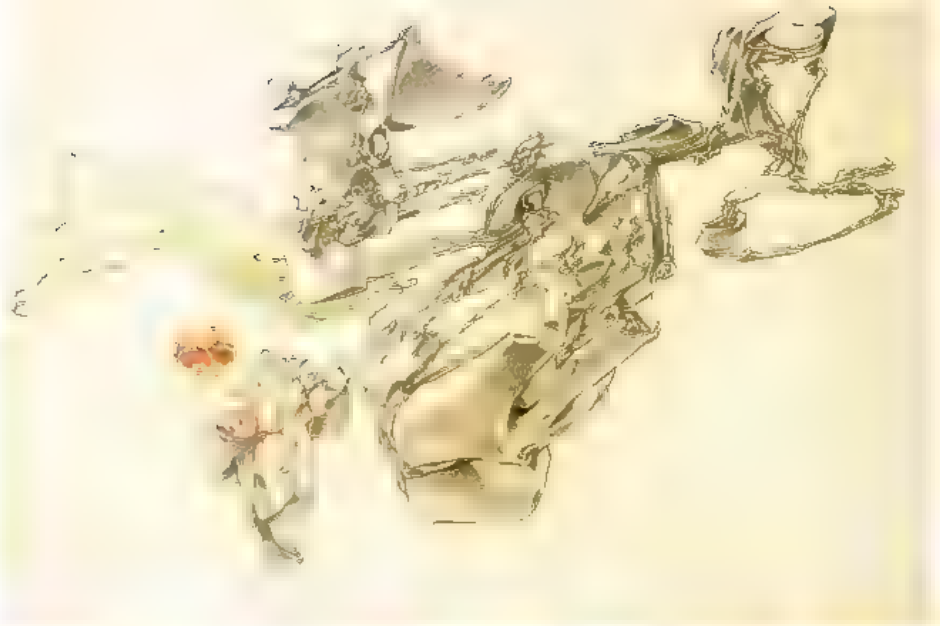
Their collaboration results in a magnificent new book published by *Heavy Metal* Books on December 1979. A sixty-eight-page book in full color, conceived by Michael Moorcock and written and illustrated by Howard Chaykin, *The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell* is the third John Daker volume in Moorcock's Eternal Champion cycle, the sequel to *The Eternal Champion* and *The Silver Warriors*—and a triumph for Chaykin.

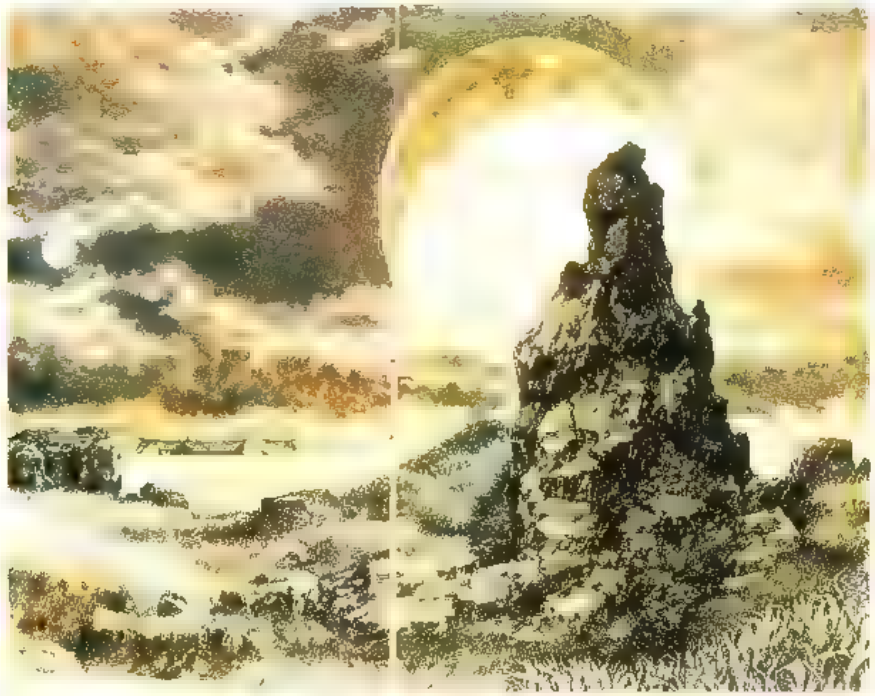
BACK AT THE CRYSTAL BALLROOM THINGS ARE JUST BEGINNING TO WARM UP THANKS TO THE MAGIC OF RADIO...
CALLING ALL SEAMEN!
WE GOT OURSELVES A BUNCHA GREASY-HAIRED QUEERS RUNNIN' AROUND IN ZOOT SUITS! GET YER ASSES DOWN HERE AND HELP US KICK HELL OUT OF 'EM!
ANY OF YOU DOGFACES FROM THE 451ST.!! WE GOTTA HAVE SOME REINFORCEMENTS!
ATTENCION MIS HERMANOS DEL BARRIO! NECISITAMOS SU AYUDA, MUY PRONTO!
OVER THE AIRWAVES, THE CALL GOES OUT...
I HATE SPICKS!
AND ACROSS THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE - IT IS HEARD!
YO, WOULDN'T SHIT ME, HOMIE!
YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS SARGE
OVALTINE

1941, The Illustrated Story

As you read this Columbia/Universal's production of Steven Spielberg's *1941* is hitting the theaters with the force of a major World War II campaign and to celebrate the event *Heavy Metal* Books presents *1941 The Illustrated Story*. Alan Asherman adapted the script and Stephen Bissette and Rick Veitch brought to manic life ninety eight pages of gorgeous technicolor. Spielberg contributed an introduction illustrated by Ryan Hasen. I'll excerpt could do this book justice, but here's a brief taste to whet your appetites.

Colorvision





Ron Cobb is probably best known now as one of the designers of *Alien* and soon he'll be gaining new fame for his work on the upcoming *Conan* movie. But longtime science fiction fans will recall his SF work of the fifties, and many who lived through the tumultuous sixties will remember him as the premier political cartoonist for the LA *Free Press*. An artist of enormous and varied talents, Cobb is long overdue for a collection of his work in book form. *Colorvision* is scheduled for publication in April, 1980, by Wild & Woolley, and these are a few of the many pieces that will appear there, accompanied by Cobb's commentary. Who knows—maybe one of these days Ron will have a chance to complete the story he's been working on for us for the last several years.

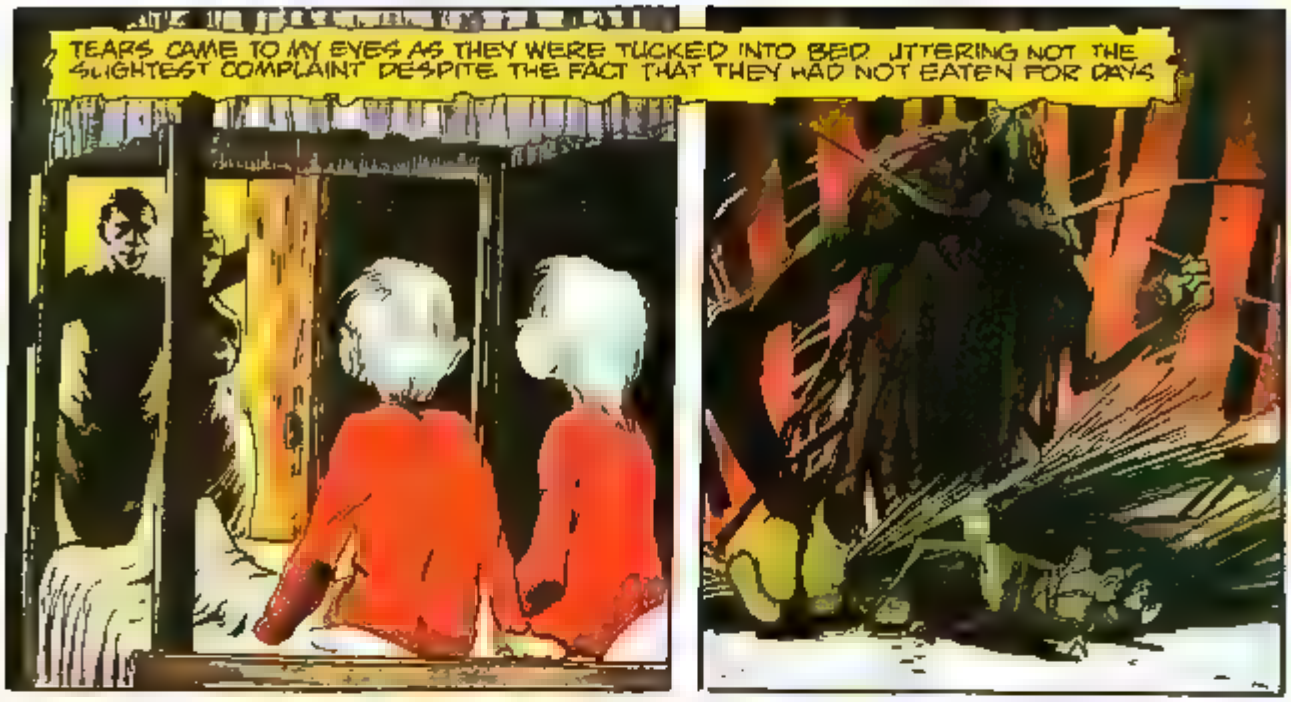
FOOD FOR THE CHILDREN

THE SUN DISAPPEARED LEAVING BEHIND A PALE ORANGE GLOW THAT BATHED THE FROZEN WILDERNESS AROUND MY HOME. THE WIND CHASED CLOUDS OF FINE, NEEDLE-LIKE ICE ACROSS THE FIELDS, OBLITERATING ALL TRACES OF WARMTH LEFT BY THE AFTERNOON SUN. MY CHILDREN'S PLAYFUL CHATTER DISTRACTED ME FROM MY DARK MUSINGS. LOOKING UPON THEM, MY HEART BEAT MORE WARMLY WITHIN MY BREAST.

MY FAMILY WAS A NEVER-ENDING SOURCE OF JOY AND COMFORT FOR ME, BUT EVEN THEY COULD NOT COMPLETELY DISPEL MY GLOOM.

AS THEY WERE MY JOY, THEY WERE MY RESPONSIBILITY.

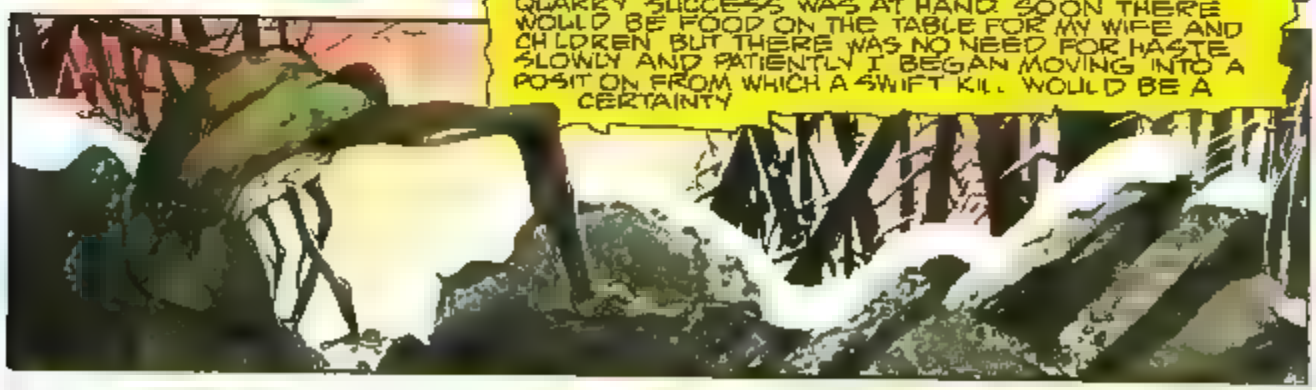
SUYDAM


TEARS CAME TO MY EYES AS THEY WERE TUCKED INTO BED JITTERING NOT THE SLIGHTEST COMPLAINT DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEY HAD NOT EATEN FOR DAYS

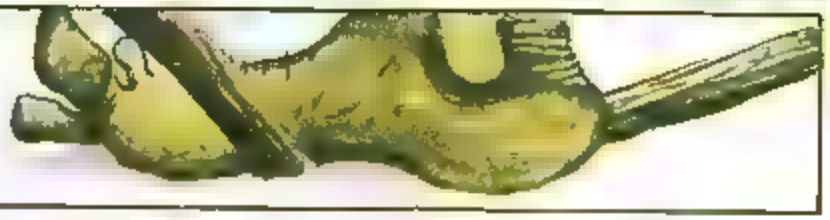
AS I TURNED FROM THEM, I HEARD THE WIND HOWLING IN THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE. TONIGHT WOULD HAVE TO BE THE NIGHT OF THE HUNT. THERE WOULD BE NO RETURNING TO SHELTER UNTIL I HAD FOUND FOOD FOR MY CHILDREN. THE SNOW HAD BEGUN TO FALL, ENTOMB NG THE EARTH AND ALL LIFE

AS I STRUGGLED THROUGH THE SNOW, MY SLUGGISHNESS FLED MY SENSES SHARPENED AND MY STEPS BECAME MORE DELIBERATE AND PURPOSEFUL. THE DARK AND SILENT LANDSCAPE WAS SUDDENLY ALIVE WITH THREATS AND PROMISES. THE HUNT WAS ON

I CAME UPON A FRESH SET OF TRACKS. I FOLLOWED THEM FOR MILES UNTIL AT LAST I SPOTTED MY QUARRY. SUCCESS WAS AT HAND. SOON THERE WOULD BE FOOD ON THE TABLE FOR MY WIFE AND CHILDREN. BUT THERE WAS NO NEED FOR HASTE. SLOWLY AND PATIENTLY I BEGAN MOVING INTO A POSITION FROM WHICH A SWIFT KILL WOULD BE A CERTAINTY.



BUT SOMEHOW MY PRESENCE WAS DETECTED. FOR MY QUARRY SUDDENLY FLED WITH THE KIND OF DESPERATE SPEED THAT ONLY THE FEAR OF IMMEDIATE DEATH INSPIRES.



WITH EQUAL DESPERATION, I TRIED TO FOLLOW THE VANISHING TRAIL OF TRACKS AND SOUNDS, BUT THE SNOW AND THE HOWLING WIND LEFT ME WITH NOTHING BUT THE FROZEN DARKNESS.

I FOUGHT MYSELF, TRYING NOT TO GIVE IN TO DESPAIR. THERE WAS STILL A CHANCE. I REASSURED MYSELF— AND MY CHILDREN HAD TO EAT.

I PULLED MYSELF TOGETHER, RESIGNED TO BEGINNING THE HUNT ANEW.

I TRUDGED THROUGH THE DARKNESS FOR MILES, MY LEGS DRAGGING WEARILY THROUGH THE DEEP SNOW.

FINALLY, AS THE FIRST SIGNS OF DAWN CREPT OVER THE FAR HORIZON

I SIGHTED MY QUARRY AGAIN

I FELT I HAD BEEN GRANTED A REPRIEVE. DETERMINED NOT TO SQUANDER THIS SECOND OPPORTUNITY, I PROCEEDED WITH THE UTMOST CAUTION, MANEUVERING FOR POSITION.

BLAM

WUNK

MY HEART RACES AS I DRAW WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE. I TREMBLE WITH THE ANTICIPATION OF DELIVERING THE FATAL BLOW

THE BLOW THAT WILL GIVE ME PEACE

BUT MY ARM IS STEADY, MY AIM IS TRUE, AND THE CREATURE FALLS.

TONIGHT I AM HAPPY, FOR I AM BRINGING HOME

...FOOD FOR MY CHILDREN.

FROM A LOST LAND OF DRAGONS, A LEGEND TAKES FLIGHT

DRAGONWORLD

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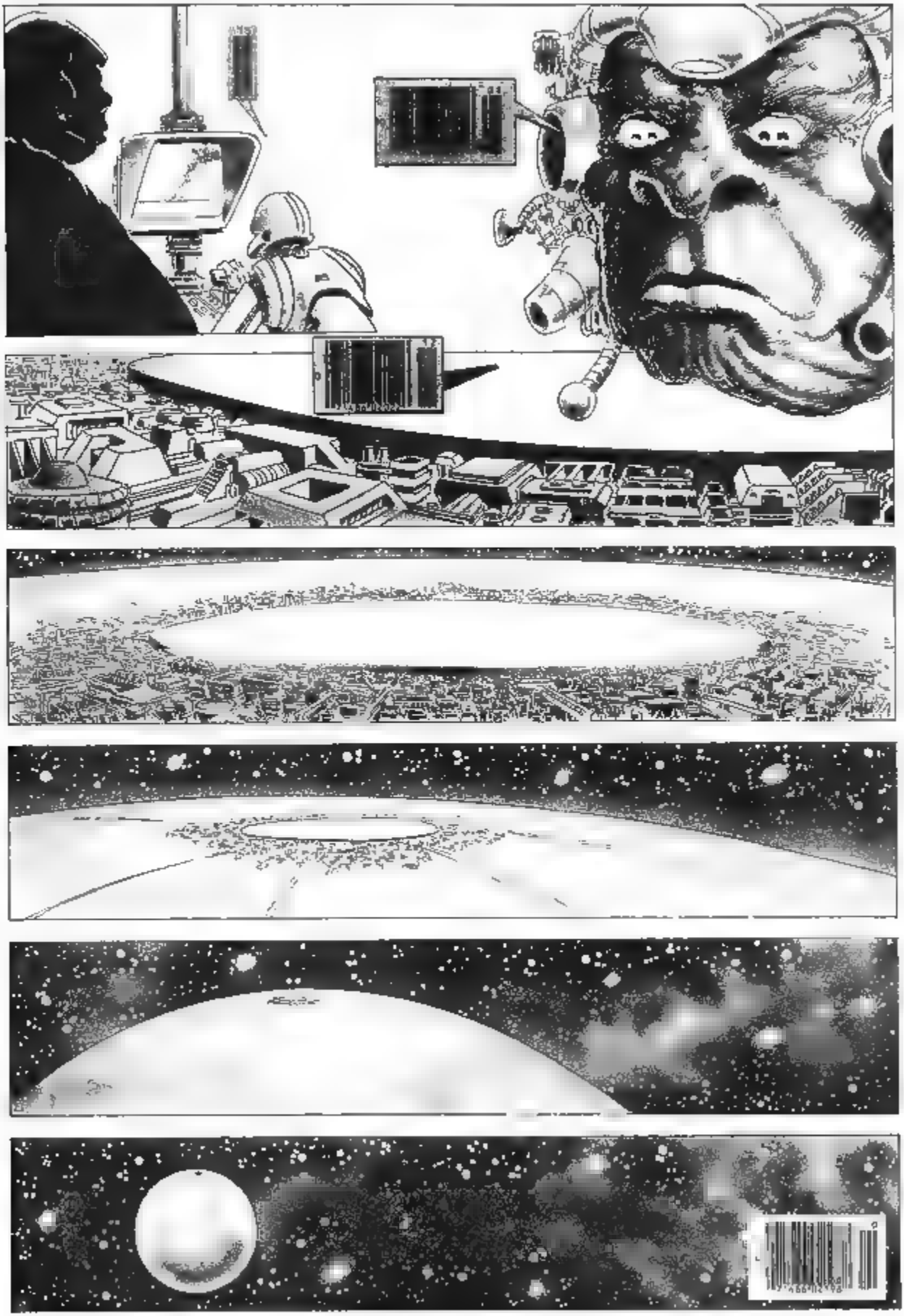

SHOOT OUT at the FANTASY FACTORY

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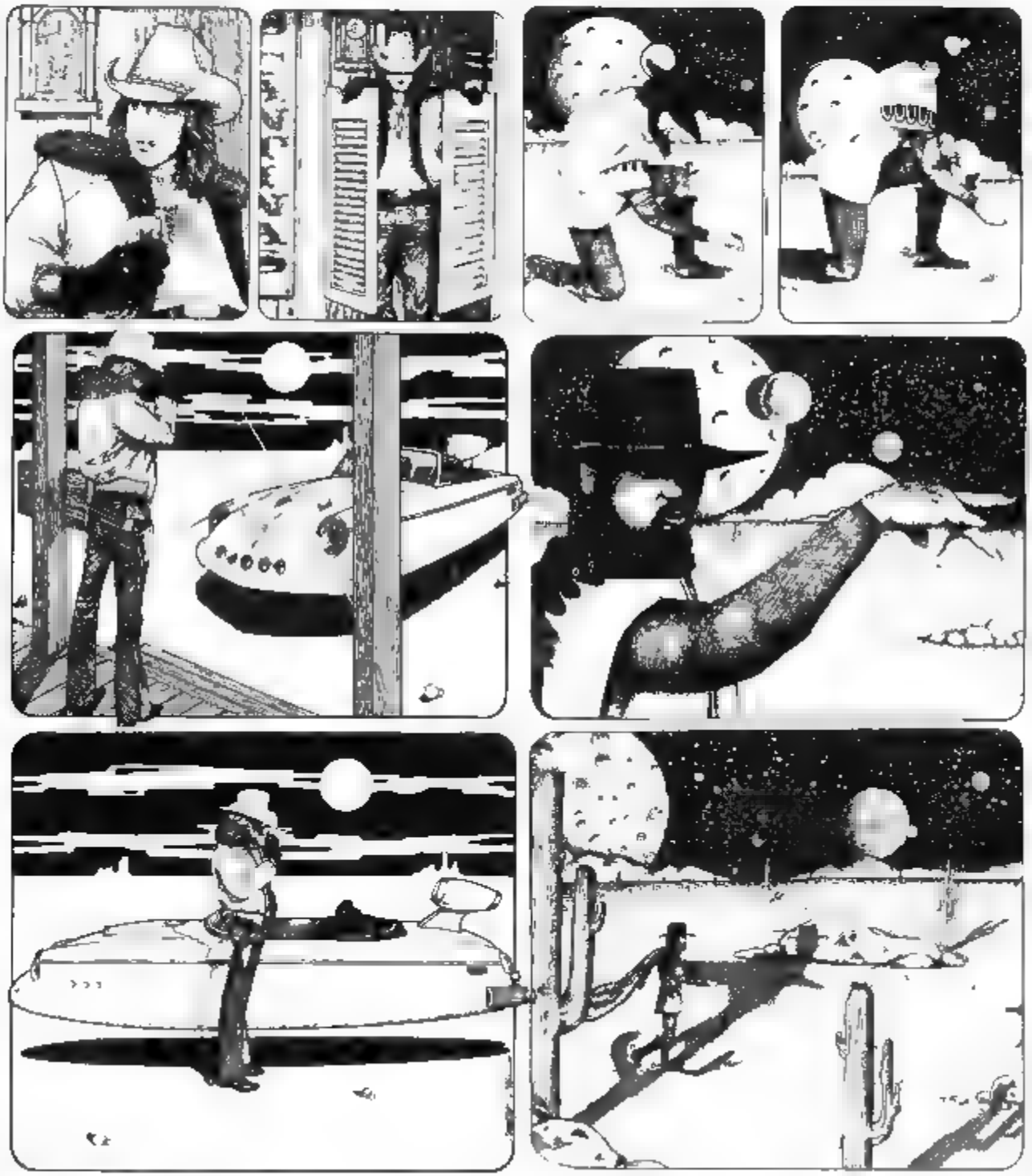

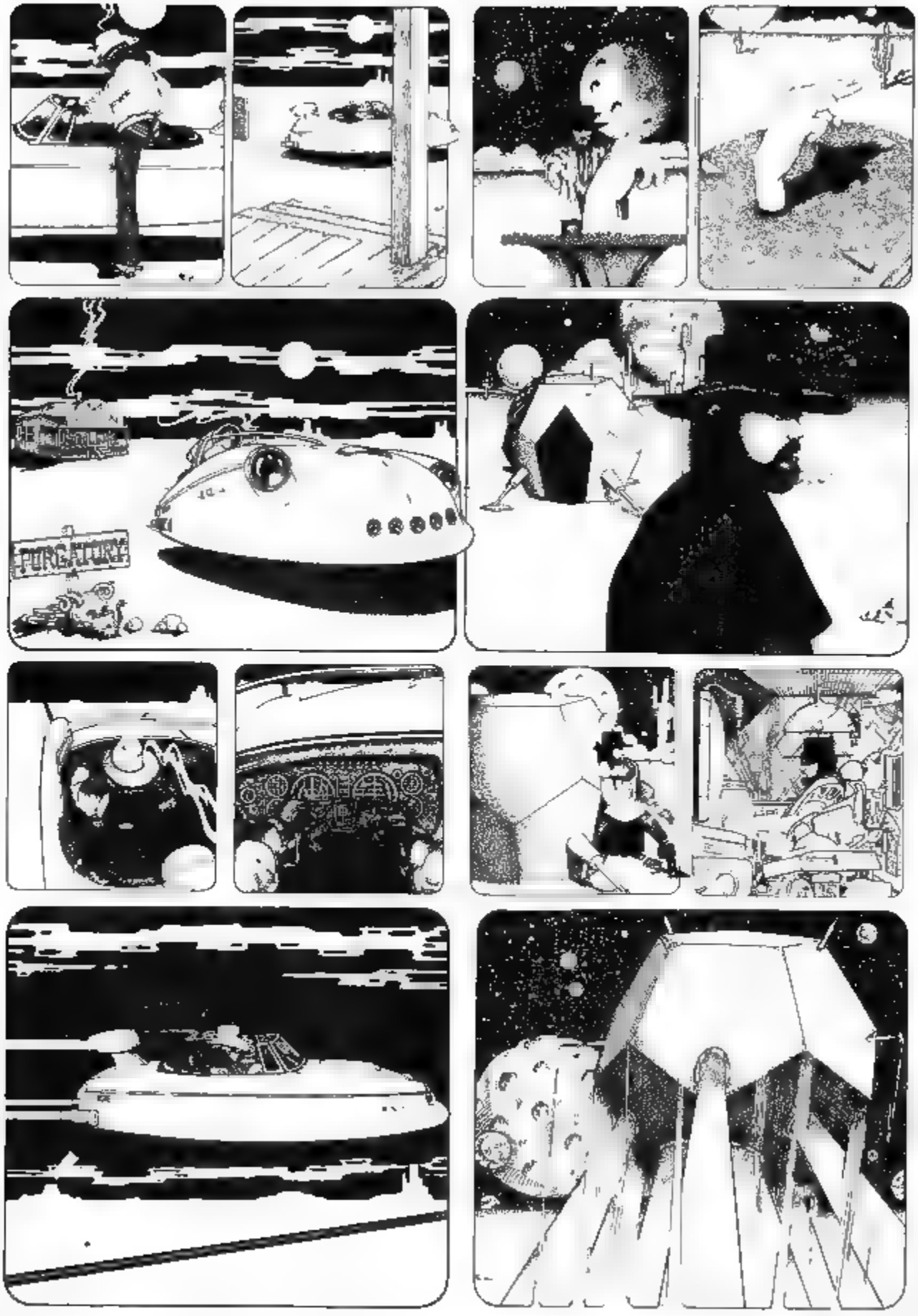
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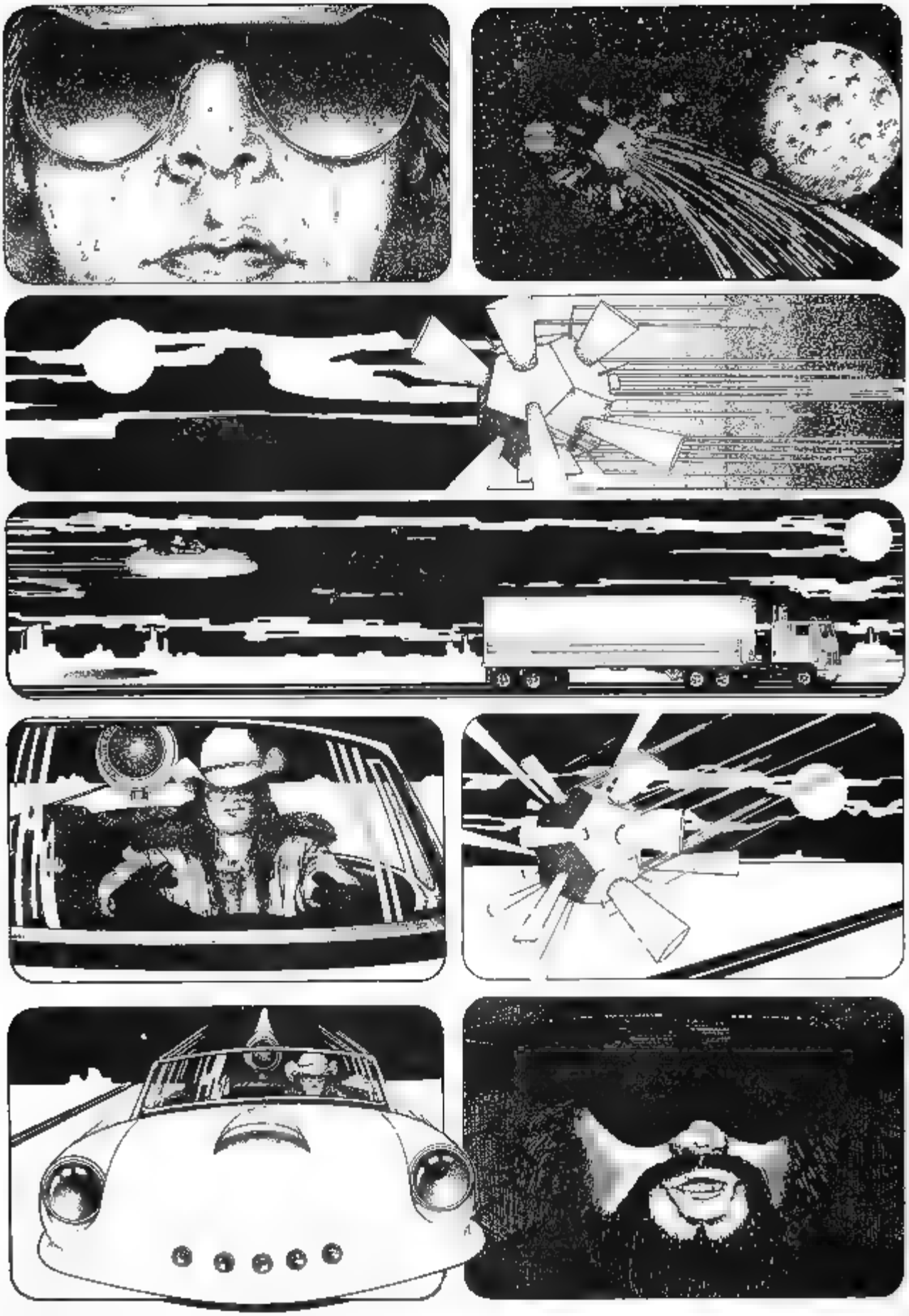
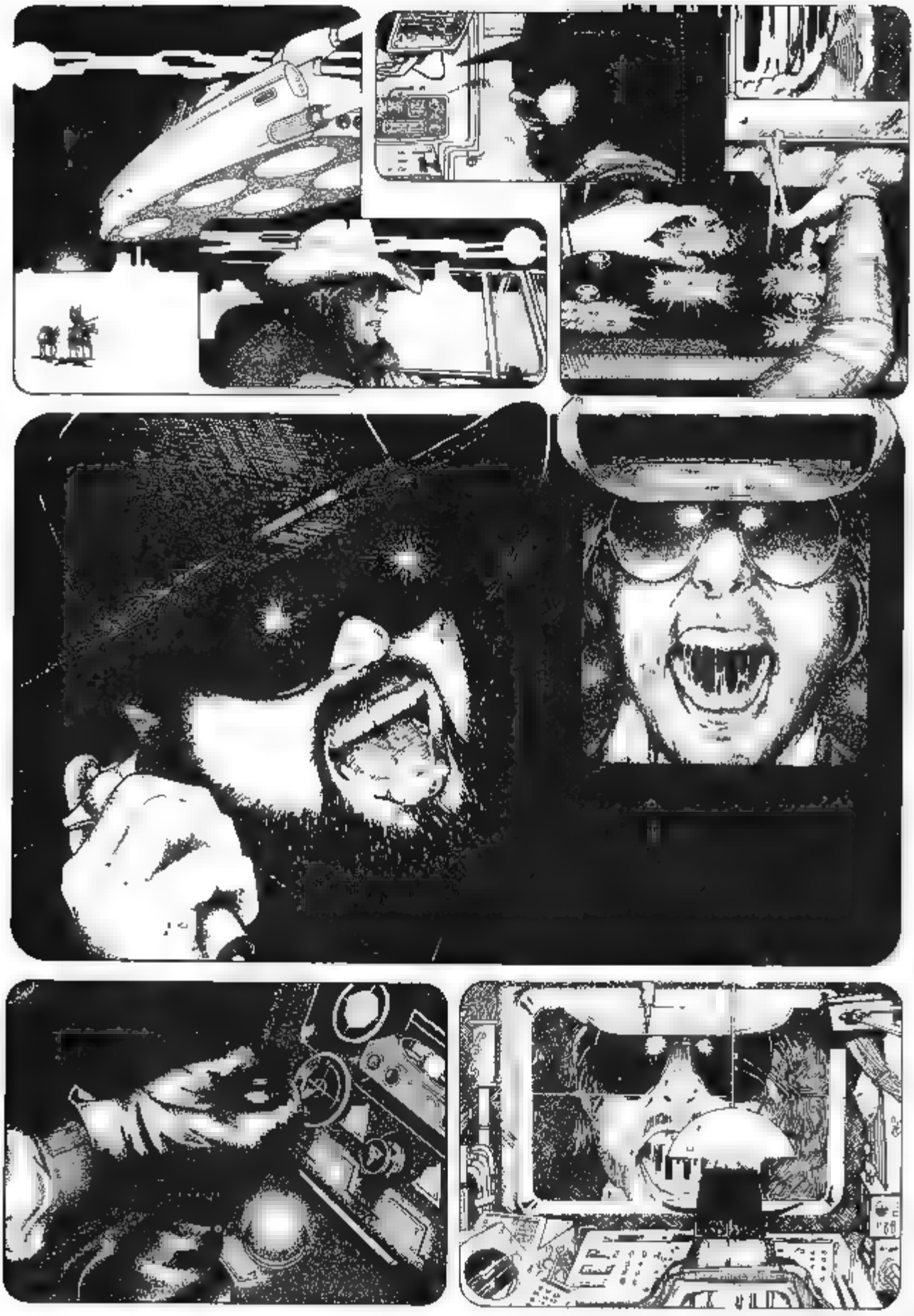
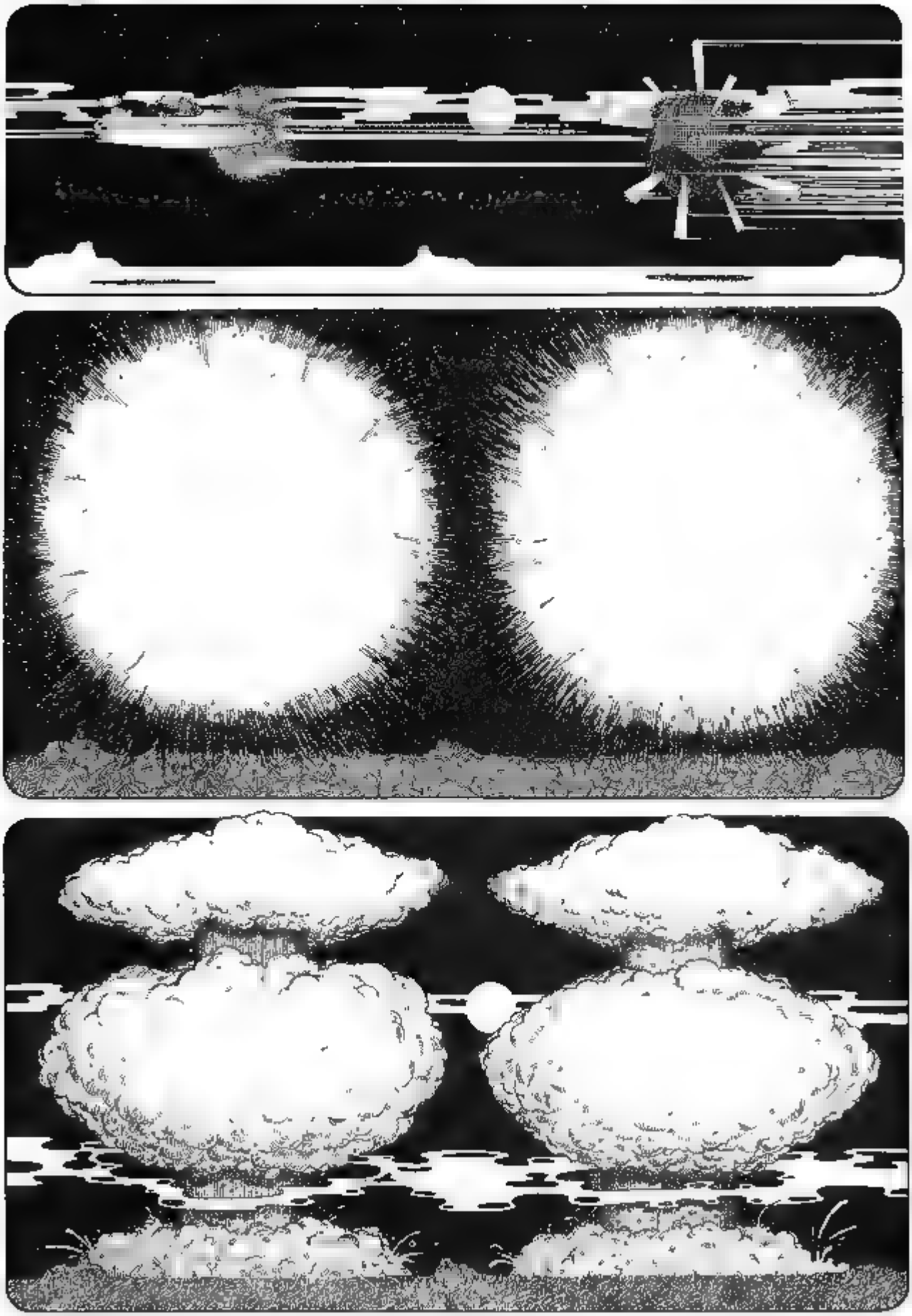






COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 7

comix. Perhaps. Crudely drawn and printed, the eight-pagers featured cartoon spoofs of popular movie and comic strip characters engaged in forbidden sex. They certainly were under-the-counter if not underground.

But for our purposes we need only go back to the early fifties, the heyday of a certain NY comic-book publisher called Entertaining Comics or EC for short. With Bill Gaines at the helm, EC published undoubtably the best color comic books of the fifties, perhaps ever. They pioneered the horror genre (with titles like *Tales from the Crypt* and *The Vault of Horror*), the science fiction genre (including some memorable adaptations of Ray Bradbury stories), and the war genre (with titles like *Two-Fisted Tales*, wherein gritty combat stories forewent the usual communism for war is hell realism). EC also published *Mad* comics, the hilariously disrespectful satire comic edited by Harvey Kurtzman.

A whole generation of comic readers cut their eyeteeth on EC's, and some fans went so far as to publish mimeoed fanzines about EC and trade them back and forth through the mail. A small network of sorts was formed (which included Crumb and his brother Chuck, among others).

When a congressional committee began investigating whether or not comic books were a threat to the nation's youth, EC publisher Gaines was a special target. EC's successful horror comics, replete with walking corpses, had spawned a host of even sleazier imitators, and women's groups and PTAs all over the country were horrified. Chastened by the stern gaze of Congress, the comic industry set up the Comics Code, a strict self-policing censorship board that efficiently made sure that comics would not stray beyond the publum level.

Hit with bad publicity, the Code, and distribution woes, EC made a noble last stand in '955 with a line of unlikely titles (would you believe *Psycho analysis Comics*?), and cashed in its chips. Gaines and Kurtzman converted *Mad* comics into a standard-size black and white humor magazine, which was to become enormously successful and make Gaines a millionaire.

This was small comfort to the EC fans who had been understandably traumatized by the whole affair. Seeing the objects of their enthusiasm duly snuffed out by their mothers and senators, the EC fans had a head start on hatred for the establishment.

Inevitably, the EC fan network broke up, some members gravitating toward the informal ranks of science fiction fandom, while others dropped out of sight altogether. As *Mad* magazine caught on, imitators abounded, and a small satire-magazine genre was created. And as had previously happened with EC, a tight circle of enthusiasts and comics pundems sprang up, satire fandom.

Satire fandom flourished from 1960-62, probably the peak of that era of satire magazines. Kurtzman had left *Mad* following an editorial dispute with Gaines back in mid 1956. After a few brilliant commercial failures (*Trump* and *Humbug* magazines), he was on more solid ground with a new humor magazine called *Help!* The post-Kurtzman *Mad*, edited by Al Feldstein, a former EC comic editor, had secured a mass audience and was just beginning to toy with the editorial formulas that were to doom the magazine to a static predictability from '63 on. The late fifties boom of imitations had leveled off with two main *Mad* competitors remaining: *Cracked* and *Sick*. All in all, most of the satire was rather juvenile, but here and there the satire fan-

Jay Lynch, Skip Williamson, and Art Spiegelman were three high-school age fans whose cartoons appeared in the ditto'ed satire fanzines with names like *Wild*, *Smudge* and *Jack High*. When Kurtzman initiated a Public Gallery section in *Help!* featuring gag cartoons by young cartoonists, Lynch and Williamson were regulars. Crumb, Gilbert Shelton with his "Wonder Wart-Hog", and Joe Beck also appeared in *Help!* until the magazine went under in '965.

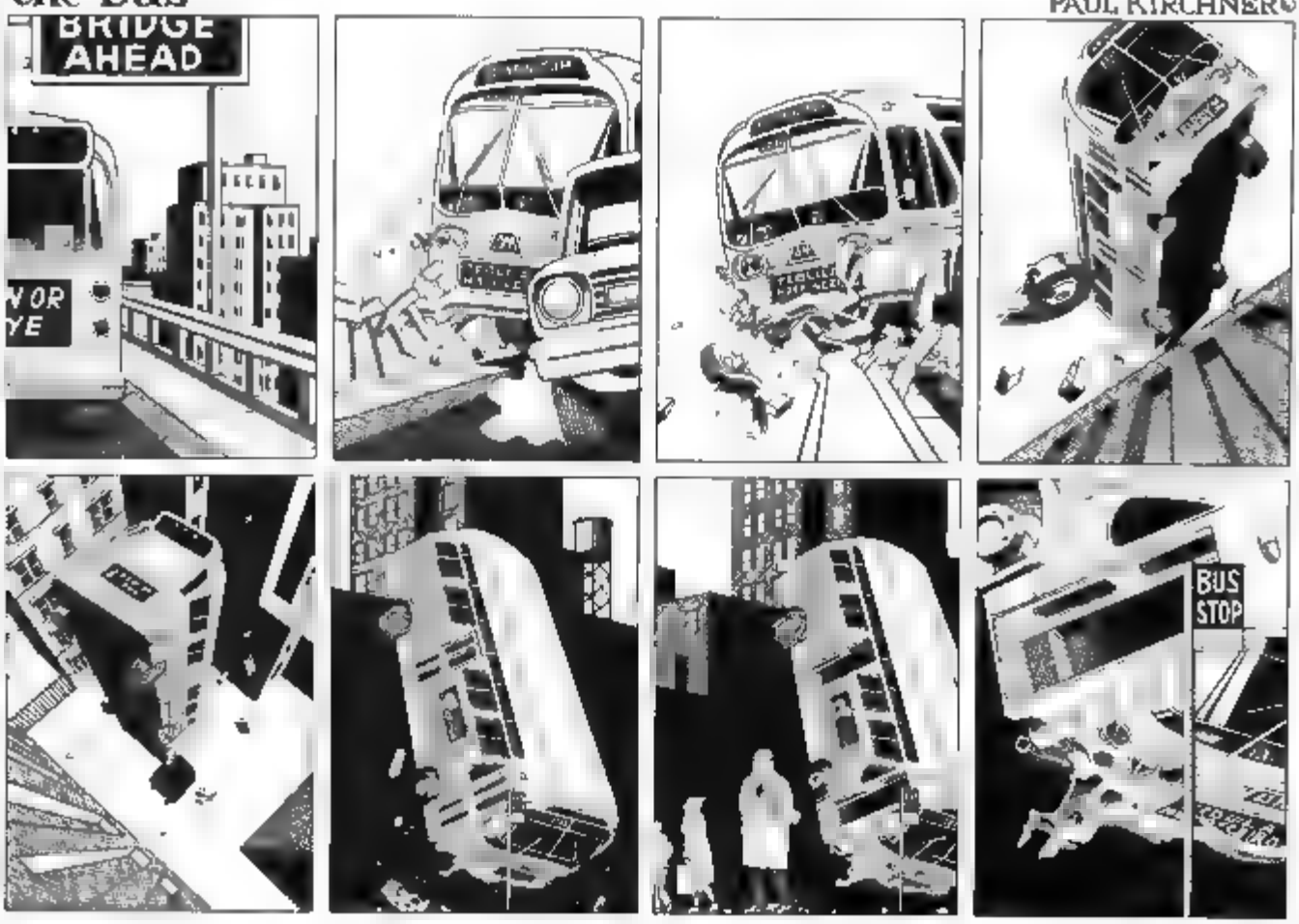
Kurtzman (and long-time collaborator Wm. Elder) went on to do "Little Annie Fanny" for *Playboy* while the young cartoonists that *Help!* had published began turning up in strange marginal magazines and the fledgling underground press that was springing up around the country.

Gilbert Shelton drew the "Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers" for his local underground paper *The Rag*, in Austin, Texas. Austin was the home of the University of Texas whose humor magazine *The Texas Ranger* had provided a meeting ground early in the decade for a cluster of cartoonists including Jack Jackson (Jaxon), Frank Stack (Fredbert Sturgeon), and Shelton collaborator Tony Bell. Stack's satirical "Adventures of Jesus" began appearing at this time and Jaxon published an early collection of his own sacrilegious "God Nose" strips in 1963 (usually considered the first genuine underground comic).

Meanwhile, out in Berkeley, Joel Beck had been cartooning for the University of California's humor magazine *The Petroan*. Beck had an easily recog-

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



WIDE AWAKE
YOU SEE THE WAR WAS ROUGH. WALKING DEAD WERE RESURRECTED EVERYWHERE. IT FILLED DRAFT QUOTAS. SOME OF THEM EVEN GLOWED IN THE DARK. IT WAS A LITTLE HARD TO TAKE.
TAKE THIS MAN'S NAME
I'D ENLISTED FOR THE MOMENT TO AVOID BEING "COLD PACKED." THIS WAS BOTH FORTUNATE AND UNFORTUNATE...
JUST GOT THERE!
THE MILITARY CONSISTED OF UNSURE MINDS IN A GREAT COOPERATIVE. AND HOW ABOUT THOSE ODD LITTLE METALLIC EGGS IN WAR ZONE B
HELLO SAILOR!

nized, squat cartoony style similar to the Hi-Brow greeting cards of the period. Berkeley was astir with the free-speech movement and Beck's cartoons dealt with the topics of the day. His *Lenny of Laredo* comic (a Lenny Bruce parody) was published in 1966 by Don Schenker at the Print Mint, a hip poster store on Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue.

At this late date, probably everything that can be said about the San Francisco Bay Area in the exciting '966-67 period has been said. Spurred on by the spread of LSD and marijuana, white middle-class kids were discovering the pleasures of a bohemian subculture previously known mainly to beat poets, black jazz musicians, and urban intellectuals.

The weekly rock dance-concerts at the Avalon Ballroom and Fillmore Auditorium were central to the scene, and the acid-drenched graphics of the posters for those events were soon to rival the music in popularity and influence. Victor Moscoso and Rick Griffin, in particular, were creating dazzling Byzantine effects with color and line that hypnotized the viewer with their beauty.

Robert Crumb had been working on and off for American Greeting Cards in Cleveland in the mid sixties, and was getting increasingly sick of it. Finally, in January 1967, he and his wife Dana moved to San Francisco, attracted in part by the dance posters. Crumb, like dozens of other artists, hoped to get in on poster designing, but his style was deemed unsuitable by Chet Helms of the Family Dog/Avalon. So Crumb concentrated on cartooning instead, and *Zap #* followed soon after, printed by Don Donahue (Apex Novelties' and poet Charles Plymell.

The appearance of *Zap* marked the real beginning of underground comix as it soon became a focus of energy and the paths of the various cartoonists mentioned above began to crisscross and intertwine.

Next month, Part Two: **The Comix Take Off**

New Publications

Readers whose curiosity was aroused by the mention of EC Comics in the preceding part of the column now have an opportunity to read the original stories in high-quality reprints. Russ Cochran, a comics specialty publisher, has begun the epic task of reprinting the entire EC line in hardcover volumes. The first two titles, *Weird Science* and *Tales from the Crypt* are now out in handsome slipcased sets of four and five bound volumes respectively. This project deserves support, and the comic-reading pleasure to be had in return is immeasurable.

For full information on *The Complete EC Library* write to: Russ Cochran, PO Box 437, West Plains, Mo. 65775.

Intelligent writing about comic art (and underground in particular) is beginning to surface in several welcome magazines.

Cultural Correspondence #9 ($2.00 per copy from CC, c/o Dorrwar Bookstore, 224 Thayer St., Providence, R.I. 02906) features enlightening interviews with eight women underground cartoonists including Trina, Aline Kominsky, Melinda Gebbie, and Lee Marrs. CC also has a variety of feminist humor, left criticism of popular culture, and an expanding humor section.

Panels #1 ($2.50 plus $.50 postage, from John Benson, 305 W. 80th Street #2E, New York, NY 10024) is a new magazine concentrating on in-depth articles and reviews about comic art. The first issue has a lengthy oral reminiscence by *Spirit* creator Will Eisner. Jules Feiffer talking about his days as Eisner's assistant, and pithy opinions on underground trends by Bill Griffith, plus reviews of new comix. Very promising.

Cascade Comix Monthly ($.75 for sample copy, $3.00 for a six-issue subscription, from Everyman Studios, 432 S. Cascade Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80903) is the underground comix fanzine. Issues average twenty pages of the latest news, reviews, interviews with cartoonists, and strips by up-and-coming artists.

The last few years have seen some modest syndication of weekly comic strips by underground cartoonists. *Phoebe and the Pigeon People* by Jay Lynch and Gary Whitney (Kitchen Sink, $1.00) is a hilarious pocket-sized collection of one such weekly strip done for the *Chicago Reader* and several other papers around the country. With Lynch (of "Nard n' Pat" fame) on writing and layouts, and newcomer Whitney on art, *Phoebe* is a highly enjoyable comic about an old pigeon-feeding woman and the strange crowds of pigeons with tiny human heads who hang out with her. A rather surreal premise carried out with impressive flair.

The Rip Off Comics Syndicate has been syndicating Gilbert Shelton's "Wonder Wart-Hog" regularly, and the new *Rip Off Comics* #5 (Rip Off, $1.25) features the Hog of Steel operating a mail order Superheroes school. Also, a new Freak Brothers story (attention fans!) and a lengthy time travel tale by Dave Sheridan. A fat forty-eight-page issue.

Also new from Rip Off is *Griffith Observatory* # (S1.25). Bill Griffith, creator of "Zippy the Pinhead," has been doing a regular syndicated strip over the past year or two, where he mercilessly examines and satirizes Americans from all walks of life: rednecks, anal retentives, religious nuts, you name 'em. This new comic, printed on book paper, collects the cream of the crop so far. Griffith is probably the most prolific underground cartoonist around, and this catches him in top form.

Tits & Clits #5 (Last Gasp, $1.25) is the best issue yet of this liberated women's comic. Begun in 1972

as a two-woman comic by Joyce Farmer and Lyn Chevli. *T&C* has expanded into a highly entertaining anthology comic featuring seven women cartoonists. Joyce Farmer's work is particularly impressive, but every strip rewards the reader with a chuckle or an insight. Terre Richards, Miriam Gamble, Chris Powers, and Dan Bucher are among the artists included. Adults only, but aimed at both male and female funny bones.

Political undergrounds have been a growing trend of the last few years. Kitchen Sink has recently published two, *Class War Comics #1* ($1.00) and *Corporate Crime #2* ($1.00). *Class War* is by British cartoonist Cliff Harper, and is the first episode of a proposed six-book story about England after the revolution. Beautifully drawn and printed on book paper, the comic introduces us to an anarchist commune in the country as conflicts begin to arise with the party now in power.

Corporate Crime #2's title is self-explanatory. [illegible] comix and muckraking with such topics as genocide, fatal working conditions, and J.P. Stevens. CC might be too heavy for some, though its popularity indicates a sizable audience; but if I have any main complaint, it is that the comic's scattershot approach turns a topic into a series of isolated no-no's that beg for a unifying overview. Nevertheless, it's a good comic all in all.

Anarchy Comics #2 (Last Gasp, $1.25) is the latest example of the political-comics trend, with punk satire, political humor, and radical history from Kinney Mayrides, Stiles, Gebbie, Spain, and several European cartoonists. Honesty forces me to admit that I'm the editor, but even if I weren't, I'd still recommend it. It certainly is hard to plug yourself with dignity.

Anarchy's back cover features a heart-wrenching velvet painting by Paul Mayrides of the late Chairman Mao, complete with huge, limpid, Walter Keane–like eyes. The portrait is also available as a large full-color poster ($3.50 postpaid from Rip Off Press; see address below).

Distribution of underground comics is spotty and [illegible] towns). If such is the case where you live, sending for them by mail order is your best bet. The comics mentioned immediately above are all available along with hundreds of others from the following mail order suppliers. In order to get postage and handling information correct, you may want to send for their catalogs before ordering specific comics.

Knupp Mail Order, PO Box 9090, Boulder, Colo. 80301. (Their full-color catalog is $1.00, refundable with your first order.)

Rip Off Press, PO Box 14158, San Francisco, Cal. 94114. (Catalog is $.50 and you are automatically put on their mailing list for future catalogs.)

Bob Sidebottom, 481 Alvarado, Monterey, Cal. 93940. (Catalog is $.25 and features some out-of-print collector's items as well.)

Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, PO Box 212, Berkeley, Cal. 94705. (Catalog is $1.00 and is sent by first-class mail.)

Comix extra: Exactly when we needed it, copies of Larry Stark's *Concordance to the First Thirty Issues of Heavy Metal* arrived without warning at our offices. Forty-three pages of alphabetically indexed entries from "Aaarrrzzz (SEP 77 p.54, 3p. BW)" to "DRUILLET, Jo ZUCKER, Joseph", AUG 79 p.56, 6p. BWS story, Dragonworld, authors PREISS & REAVES, 6p. BW illos.). Invaluable for finding anything published in our first thirty issues. Stark has copies for sale at $3.95, postage-paid. (Larry Stark c/o Pierce, 32 Holbrook Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass. 02130.) ■

FLIX by Bhob

[illegible]

he fatally deserted resort hotel. As the only guests they are that evening in the abandoned dining hall surrounded by chairs upended on tables covered with plastic sheets, while a tuxedo-clad band played a shadow waltz to the empty room. I stayed at the bar afterward and had a few beers." King and interviewer Mel Allen. "Tabby went upstairs to read. When I went up later, I got lost. It was just a warren of corridors and doorways—with everything [illegible] and the wind howling outside. The carpet was ominous with jungly things woven into a black and gold background. There were these old-fashioned fire extinguishers along the walls that were thick and serpentine. I thought, 'There's got to be a story in here somewhere.' " If you've read *The Shining* and had your mind squeegeed down the maddening halls of the book's Overlook Hotel, then you already know that King found one helluva story there. That's his talent: he takes a mundane, commonplace setting, adds familiar, even overworked themes, and introduces characters that outwardly seem just like people you or I might have known, but then comes King's twisting high dive straight into the souls of these characters, a plunge of such force and intensity that he scrapes the bottom of their psychological depths before finally surfacing with whatever new book. There may be digressions and multilayers of atmospheric detail, but his storytelling is so simple and direct, there's never a wasted word. It's terse, thumbscrew-tight, and it zips along like the calculated construction of an EC story where each drawing is a progression toward the payoff punch, the shocker in the last panel. He followed *The Stand*, a huge novel about a superflu apocalypse now, with *The Dead Zone*, a best-seller about a schoolteacher who emerges from a four-year coma

"REMIND & PROVIDE" BELIEVED IN LEAVE TIME. EVEN THE KILLER ZOMBIES WERE ALLOWED TO GET HORIZONTAL; OUR SKELETONS HAD FUN WHEN WE DID. I REMEMBER WHEN FIRST MET HER...
FWOP!

I was born in the desert.
The accident of my birth destroyed my memory and melted my face into a dripping radioactive mass
My new family named me "Gulli-Wogga," "The Ugly Ghost"
They amputated my tail and fashioned a new face for me

and finds he has the ability to see a person's past and future when he touches them.

After publication, come the critics. Like this Christopher Lehmann-Haupt dude at the *New York Times*: he ends a rave review with this bringdown nonsense: When finished *The Dead Zone*, found myself replaying the story in my mind the way one does after having seen a particularly compelling movie. That may not say very much for its qualities as literary art. But it's meant to tell you that the book is very strong as entertainment. C'mon, Chris! It says a great deal for literary art, and you know it! After heaping enrolments right (wonderfully specificity) and left (ominous and nerve wracking unpredictability), Lehmann-Haupt suddenly seems to remember that, after all, he is writing for the *Times*, he reverts to type (cold type, at that) and shovels his praise over with the dung of an outdated academic lit-crit argument. Of course King's prose is art! Zappa? Art! Moebius? Art. Graffiti? Art. One wall of NYC graffiti reads, "Graffiti is an art and if art is a crime, let God forgive us all." Anyone raised on EC knows how art and entertainment can be the same.

The fact is that King is simply jotting down the movies he sees in his head. This explains why Lehmann-Haupt experienced aftermages, and it also explains why almost every King novel or short story either has been or will be up there on the shiver screen. This nightmare parade began with Brian De Palma's *Carrie* (1976), and now *Salem's Lot* is a 1979-80 CBS-TV mini-series directed by Tobe Hooper (director of the 1974 *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*). Stirling Silliphant is the executive producer for this four-hour *Salem's Lot* (to air on two successive nights!) shot from a script by Paul Monash, the producer of *Carrie* and Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five* (1972). Location filming took place in southern California last summer with a cast featuring David Soul, Bonnie Bedelia, James Mason, Lance Kerwin, Reggie Nalder, Marie Windsor and Elisha Cook.

In addition to an original screenplay about a haunted unionized Maine radio station, King also has on hand another script, *Children of the Corn*, which he adapted from one of his *Night Shift* short stories, and he is adapting some of his uncollected stories, including "The Crate" for a George Romero film, *The Creep Show*. Milton Subotsky (the man who filmed EC in *Tales from the Crypt* (1972) and *Vault of Horror* (1973), has optioned six stories from *Night Shift*, enough to make not one, but two anthology movies: *The Revolt of the Machines* (Trucks, The Mangler, The Lawnmower Man) and *Night Shift* ("The Ledge," "Quitters, Inc.," "Sometimes They Come Back"). And in the fall of 1980 Everest House will publish King's *Danse Macabre*, an informal, nonfiction glance at the past thirty years of the horror genre in comics, movies, radio, and TV.

So maybe you only read comics and go to the movies, and you sit there sipping your cream of nowhere soup and you ask me, "Okay, look. Bhob, they're gonna make movies and TV shows out of all his stuff anyway—so why should I read all these books? Gosh. They look pretty thick!" and I can say to you only: There is *no* movie like reading King, which is more like standing in a dream you know is a dream and crying while you watch the ripped-out, razor-slashed pages of your precious EC collection caught by the wind to flutter down the Main Street of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, Grover's Corners, New Hampshire, where these fading filmes fear sketches go skittering down the gutter past a white picket fence, coming to rest against the claws and mud-crusted fur of a *thing* you knew existed when you were four years old, and even if such an amalgamative Wilder/EC/Lovecraft impossibility *could* happen, there *is not* and *never will be* such a movie, okay? The macabre. King's fiction tells us, lurks in the ordinary, waiting and beckoning. It's there. Even in a blade of grass.

Beckoning.

Ever see a Jacobsen lawnmower? Waiting on a park bench to talk with Stephen King, I stared at one, an armada of vicious whirling blades that could make you into peoplesauce if it decided to come at you. I thought I heard the grass scream. I realized I was entering the domain of the King, and crossed the street for the following interview.

The response to the first question refers to the derogatory slang usage of *shine* as defined in Wentworth and Flexner's *Dictionary of American Slang*.

> *shine* n. (derog.) A Negro. 1917. A long article in the counterfeiting underworld publication *The Road*, Jan., 95. They were Southern shines. Sure shines, darkies, niggers. ... Hughes, *Laughing to Keep from Crying*, 16: *Mainly Southern use and still in use.*

Bbob: What is the origin of the phrase "the shining" as a description of psychic power?

King: The origin of that was a song by John Lennon and the Plastic Ono Band called "Instant Karma." The refrain went "We all shine on." I really liked that, and used it. The name of the book originally was *The Shine*, and somebody said, "You can't use that because it's a pejorative word for black." Since nobody likes to have a joke played on themselves, I said, "Okay, let's change it. What do we change it to?" They said, "How about *The Shining*?" I said, "It sounds kind of awkward." But they said, "It gets the point across, and we won't have to make any major changes in the book." So we did, and it became *The Shining* instead of *The Shine*.

Bbob: Who is the writer who worked on *The Shining* screenplay with Kubrick?

King: Diane Johnson. She did a novel called *The Shadow Knows*. She's just published another one this year. She's a good writer. She writes reviews for the *New York Times Book Review* sometimes; she had one not too long ago on a book of letters by or about William Butler Yeats. Quite a smart lady.

Bbob: What is the title of the haunted radio station screenplay?

King: It doesn't have a title. I think the perfect title would be something that had four letters, but I can't think of a good word—like "W" something—that would be creepy. Jesus, it's a wonderful idea.

Bbob: Oh, you mean a title made out of the call letters of the radio station—like Robert Stone's *WUSA*?

King: Yeah. Like that. Like that! Only I'd like to be able to do something.

Bbob: Ah, like "WEIR."

King: Yeah. "WEIR." That would be real good. Yeah. It's based on this automated radio station. They go completely automatic. They have these big long drums of tape that do everything. They punch in the time. They make donuts for the announcer who comes in to give the weather. But mostly it's just this ... Aren't you glad you tuned in WEIR?

Bbob: Hi. This is WEIR. You fucking son of a bitch. You're going to *die* tonight. Irony like that in a syrupy voice.

Bbob: And is someone interested in this right now?

King: I've got to finish it. I'm not trying to do anything with it except finish it. I take it out every once in a while and tinker it up, but I don't really seem to have the kicker yet. There's no real urge to push it through; there's no excitement there just yet. I've got the idea. I just can't seem to hook it up.

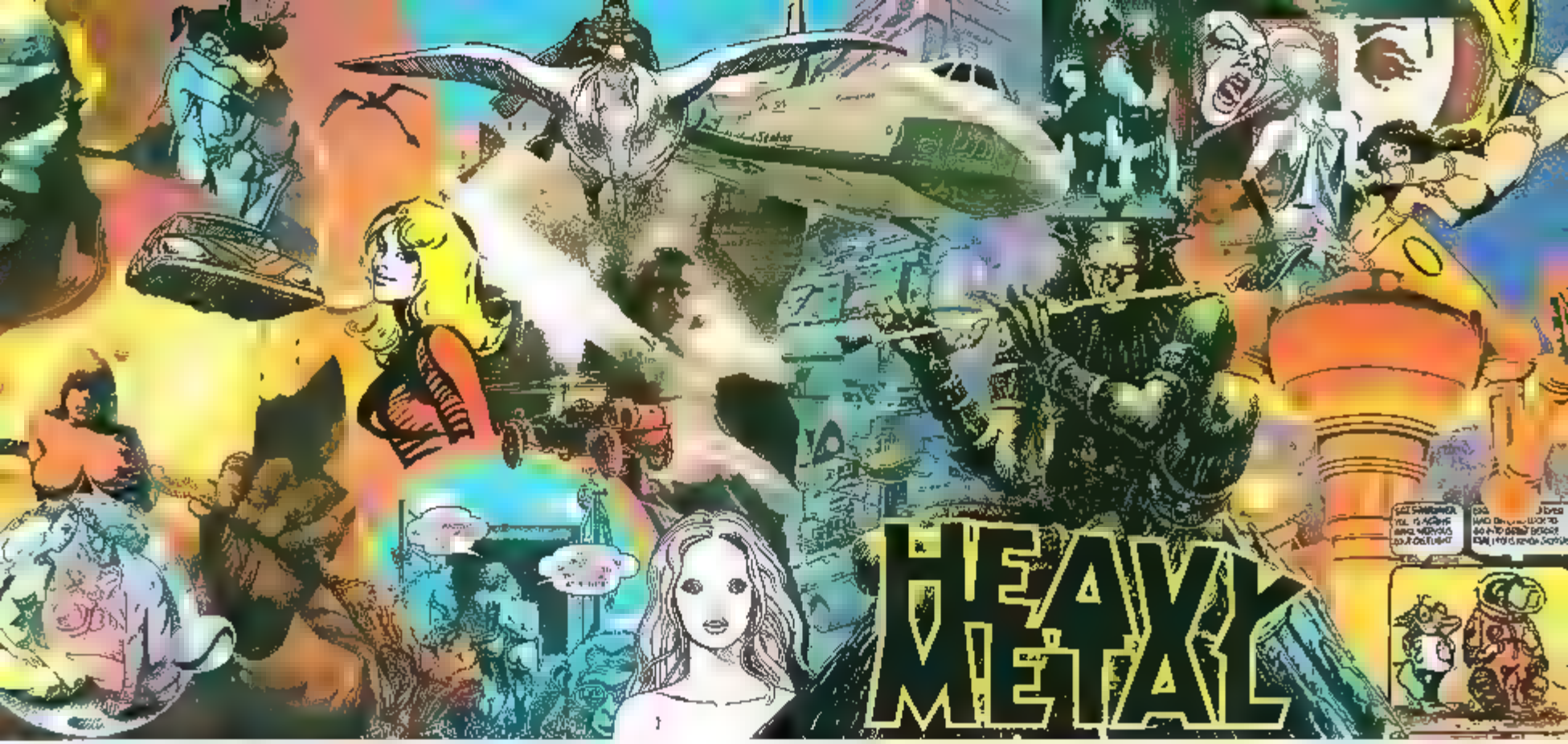
Bbob: In *Night Shift* the EC influence is most apparent, yet you were very young when EC was on the newsstands during the early fifties, right?

King: I used to get some comics; I don't think they were ECs, but I used to buy them with the covers torn off. There was always somebody being chopped off and spitted on barbecue grills and buried alive. My guess is the comics predated 1955. I would have bought them, say, in the period 1958 to 1961. But they might have been sitting in some guy's warehouse.

Bbob: When did you first become conscious of EC?

King: I think we must have swapped the magazines around when I was younger. I can't really say when I became conscious of it. People would talk about them, and if you saw some of these things, you'd pick them up—even if it cost a buck. At that time

—a fetish mask traditionally worn by the hopelessly insane.
I was potty-trained
and taught the secrets of the tribe—
and fashion photography.
Hey, Ghost--the chief wants a word with you
Son, you've been here nearly twelve years now just taking up space
So beat it. Go get a job!
Continued



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#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin's "Gideon Faust," and Alien portfolio, Val Mayerik's "Time Out," more ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Deco" and a Prouse joke) fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated Alien ($3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated Alien, and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" ($3.00)

#28/JULY, 1979: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres. Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

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#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: Elric, "Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, and "Little Red V.D." alongside Moebius and Morrow ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween smiles with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's Flowh, Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Cazo, Corben, Kaluta, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Guests." ($3.00)

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you might have been able to get these for a buck now they cost a lot more than that. When EC started to produce supernatural tales, they did it after the worst holocaust that people had ever known—World War II and the death of six million Jews and the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. All at once Lovecraft, baroque horrors, and the M.R. James's ghost that you'd hear about secondhand from some guy in his club began to seem a little bit too tame. People began to talk about more physical horrors—the undead, the thing that comes out of the grave. I still remember one of these stories where this guy is killed by his cheating wife and her boyfriend, and he comes out of the grave. He's all rotted and he's staggering through the sweet, saying, "I'm coming, Selena," but I have to go slowly because pieces of me keep falling off."

Bloch: What's the idea behind *The Creep Show*?

King: *The Creep Show* is supposed to be a comic book movie like those Subotsky films *Tales from the Crypt and Vault of Horror*. Neither George Romero nor I felt the Subotsky films worked very well. We'd like to do five or six or seven pieces, short ones, that would just build up to the punch, whom the viewer and then you'd go on to the next one. Somewhere there would be a body that would come out of the ground and chase people around.

Bloch: When you were a kid, did you read *Castle of Frankenstein*?

King: Yes, yes. I had about seven or eight issues in sequence, and I don't know what's become of them. For every fan, that's an old sad song, but I had them all. It was, by far the best of any of the monster magazines. I think, probably like most of us, I came to *Famous Monsters of Filmland* first. I just sort of discovered that poking off of a drugstore rack one day, and I was a freak for it, every issue. I couldn't wait for it to come out. And then when *Castle of Frankenstein* came out, I saw an entirely different level to this, really responsible film criticism. The thing that really impressed me about it was how small the print was. You know, they were really cramming, there was a lot of written material in here. The pictures were really secondary.

Bloch: I was the editor.

King: Were you really? No shit. Really? Doubly nice to meet you. *Castle of Frankenstein* was so thick, so meaty, that you could really read it for a week—you *could*. I used to read it from cover to cover, and I can't imagine I was alone in that. There was a wonderful book column in it that would talk about Russel Kirk [*Old House of Fear, Sun's Sullen Bell*] and other people, and just go on and on. There was that wonderful project where all the movies were going to be catalogued, all the horror movies, at one time.

Bloch: We never got past the letter *R* in that alphabetical listing. You credit films as a source for your writing, but how can this apply to syntax and style? And what's an example of how you might have translated film grammar into fiction?

King: The best example of that was *The Shining*, probably. The framework of *The Shining* was supposed to be a Shakespearean tragedy. If you look at the book, it has five sections, originally these were labeled Act I, Act II, and on through to Act V, and each act was divided into scenes. The editor came to me when the book was done and said, "This seems a little bit pretentious. Would you consider dividing it into parts and chapters?" I said, "Yeah, if you want me to. I will," and I did. But it was a useful device to me because it limited scenes in each case: each chapter, a limited scene in one place, and each scene was in a different place, until near the very end, where it really becomes a movie, and you go outside for the part where Hallorann is coming across the country on his snowmobile. Then you can almost see the camera traveling along beside him.

You learn syntax and you learn grammar through your reading, and you don't really study it. It just kind of sets in your mind after a while because you've read enough. Even now, if you gave me a run-on sentence with a subordinate clause—I'm not sure I could diagram it on paper, but I could tell you whether or not it was correct because that's the mindset that I have. But to visualize so strongly as a kid in Connecticut I watched the Million Dollar Movie over and over again. You begin to see things as you write—in a frame like a movie screen.

I don't really care what the characters look like. Johnny Smith in *The Dead Zone*. Or Jack Torrance. I didn't think that Jack Nicholson was right for that part, but not for any way that he looks—just because he seemed a little bit old to a degree. Although I can't always say what the characters look like, I always know my right from my left in any scene, and I know how far it is to the door and to the windows and how far apart the windows are and the depth of field. The way they you would see it in a film, in *The Blue Dahlia*—something like that.

Bloch: If you visualize this with sharp focus and depth of field, then why do you say you don't know what they look like?

King: What they look like isn't terribly important to me. It doesn't have to be John Wayne in *True Grit*. It doesn't have to be Boris Karloff as Frankenstein's monster. It doesn't matter to me. Some actors are better than others. I thought Lugosi was terrible as Dracula; he was all right until he opened his mouth and then just dissolved into gales of laughter.

Bloch: As you write, do you ever slip into the styles [illegible]?

King: No, no. Very rarely do I ever think of anything like that. One of the strange things that happened to me was I got beaten in the Sunday *New York Times* on *The Shining*. I got a really terrible review of *The Shining*, accusing me of cribbing from foreign suspense films. I think one of them was *Knife in the Water*, and one of them was *Diabolique*.

Bloch: Because of the body in the bathtub?

King: Yes. What was so funny about the criticism was that—by God, I live in Maine!—the only foreign films we get are like Swedish sex films. I've never seen *Diabolique*. I've never seen any of those pictures. If I came up with them, it was just that there are so many things you can do in the field. Its movements are as stylized as the movements in a dance. You've got your gothic story somewhere in the gothic castle with a clunk of chains in the night. In *The Shining*, instead of a gothic castle, you have a gothic hotel, and instead of chains rattling in the basement, the elevator goes up and down—which is another kind of rattling chain.

When Sissy Spacek was announced as the lead in *Carrie*, a lot of people said to me, "Don't you think that's dreadful miscasting?" Because in the book Carrie is presented as this chunky, solid, beefy girl with a pudding plain face who is transformed at the prom into being pretty. I didn't give a shit what she looked like as long as she could look sort of ugly before and then look nice at the prom. She could have had brown hair or red hair or anything, and it didn't really matter who—because I didn't have a very clear picture. But I had a clear picture of her heart. I think. And that's important to me. I want to know what my characters feel and what makes them [illegible].

More next issue, gang! When we meet again Stephen King will discuss such diverse topics as the problems of doing horror on TV, Springfest, rock fanzines, other fantasy novelists, and plans for the forthcoming *Children of the Corn* movie. In the interim, I suggest that those of you who are into copping on tactile visual experiences take the paperback *Night Shift* move the front cover slowly back and forth about a quarter inch, and then report the results of your experiment to the letters column of this magazine. *Bloch*

SF by Steve Brown

[illegible]

There are a very few writers who are taking the best (or more often the worst) elements of jazz and rock 'n' roll, and writing fusion fiction. One of the newest and potentially most interesting of these writers is Joan Vinge.

Vinge received her formal training as an anthropologist, and has worked as a salvage archaeologist. Her fiction reflects a deep understanding of cultural variety and human idiosyncrasy. She writes with a poetic style, only occasionally lapsing into the merely florid, and with a subtle use of unusual narrative structures that recall the best of the jazz writers. Yet her fiction is permeated with rigorously worked-out technological speculations and solid traditional story lines that are the hallmarks of the best of the SF rockers. It is significant that she first came to public attention in that bastion of the techno-fetishist: *Analog*.

At this stage of her career, Vinge seems to be most comfortable with the novelette length. It has been argued that this length (about thirty to forty book pages) is the ideal SF form. Certainly SF is the only form of literature today with a lively and active market for short fiction of any length.

Eyes of Amber is both the name of Vinge's Hugo-winning novelette and the title of her current collection of short fiction. This is a stunning book, complex, highly imaginative, and brimming with emotion, a festive feast. It is one of those books hardcore SF fans love to press on scornful non-readers in an effort to prove that SF can be much more than *Star Wars* or *Alien*.

The title story is partially set on Titan, Saturn's largest moon and the most likely body in the solar system to support life outside Earth. Here is a sample of Vinge's descriptive prose, written from the point of view of a native Titanian regarding her fluid landscape:

> The memory of a golden cloaked [illegible] mer's day caught her—of soaring, soaring on the warm updrafts above the steaming lake—seeing the fragile rose-red of the marsh flowers spearing right far off above the windswept tide of the trees—the salt rain and crimson and aquamarine of the mantle pools, bright with dissolved metals that lay in the gleaming melt surface of her family's land.

The story concerns a human probe self-landed on Titan that has been considered as a sort of demon advisor by T'aupich, a native Titanian woman living as an outcast in a feudal society. Through the eyes of this probe (the eyes of the title) Vinge explores the interface between human and alien cultures that, beneath their surface similarities, are very different indeed. The struggle of T'aupich and Shannon, the human operating the probe from Earth, to understand each other and to deal with their respective problems makes for an intricate and satisfying experience. Even the minor walk-on characters are thoroughly real, with a life far larger than the confines of the story.

As good as "Eyes of Amber" is, it sets a qualitative standard for the rest of the book. Within these pages the reader will find

some highly detailed aliens living under radioactive mud in a cave full of fissionables so contaminated that a satori-melt reactor has formed. This story, "To Bell the Cat," concerns itself with some important questions about punishment and its effects on the punisher. Jary the Catspaw is a brainwashed instigator of a genocide that makes Hitler look like a southern sheriff. He remembers nothing of his crime, but is subjected to a constant and unique punishment under the thin guise of performing a necessary function in an interstellar

exploration team.

pages from the diary of a woman alone twenty years into her journey on humanity's first interstellar probe. "View from a Height" deftly explores Emmylou's agony and loneliness without descending into the maudlin. Emmylou was born without arms or shoulders, and has lived out her entire life in a plastic bubble. The story is a tour de force. It is all introspection, yet has a definite and solid plot line, with a satisfying resolution.

a human society that has lived on a large asteroid belt in another star system, one with no habitable planets. For hundreds of years, the people of Heaven Belt have lived in negligible gravity on a thousand tiny rocks. "Media Man" is about Chaim D'Artagnan, a media man very different from the arrogant journalists-stars of today. D'Artagnan's struggle with his deeply ingrained sycophantic cowardice and his ultimate self-redemption is one of Vinge's, and science fiction's, finest acts of character creation.

the people living out their posturing drug-blasted lives in a ruined future city. "Crystal Ship" is the story of the relationship between Tarnawsie (a human woman) and Moon Shadow, who name aside, is a painfully sketched alien rejected by his people. The two of them, mental change each other, and eventually fall into a deep love that transcends cultural and racial boundaries.

a planet-bound cyborg and a woman spacer engaged in a long-distance love affair. Miura, the "tin soldier" of the title, is a bartender on a small backwater planet. One of the side effects of his mostly prosthetic body is a three-hundred-year life span. Brandy returns to him for a couple of weeks every twenty years (she's actually only two or three years older). The constant jumps forward in time as the relationship progresses like a stone skipping across the surface of a lake, are carefully handled with a consummate skill.

Vinge has her faults. Her romanticism and constant reworking of the themes of impossible love, loss and redemption tend to claw at images, as some of her stories, notably "Crystal Ship" and "Tin Soldier," she says too much, repeating her themes too often and dulling their impact. Often she will step on an implicit metaphor with a cliché. In "View from a Height," Emmylou is cooped up inside several billion dollars worth of hardware with nothing but a parrot for company, and Vinge feels compelled to state that the parrot "said Emmylou was a bird in a gilded cage."

But she is just beginning her career. The books to come will enrich the field and its readers. She is starting from a point most writers spend years trying to reach.

Here is a final example of her fusion prose. This is a description of sublight travel from "Tin Soldier," which she says is the first story she sat down to write:

> And suddenly the ship burst once more into the void. A universe warped into a rubber bowl of brilliance stretching past him, drawing away and away before him toward a gleaming point in darkness. The shrunken nets sensed near-vacuum and were folded, their speed approached 0.999c, held constant as the conversion of matter to energy ceased within the ship. And in time with a flicker of silver once began once more to fall away. Slowly, one unbowed, the universe cast off its alienness. One star grew steadily before him: the sun of Paris.

One of the most and most controversial writers to achieve prominence during the fermenting sixties was Samuel R. Delany. He wrote a series of luminous and enigmatic novels and short stories that earned him four Hugo and Nebula awards between 1966 and 1970. Then, in step with the ragmeshing dreams at the beginning of the seventies, he dropped out of sight for a few years and returned with a massive and highly controversial novel, *Dhalgren*. Since then he has published one other novel, *Triton*, a more traditional story in broad outline, but complex and uncompromising in detail. More time went by. Suddenly we have two new Delany books.

Heavenly Breakfast is an autobiographical essay about Delany's experiences living in a New York commune in 1967. The fabric that held the commune together consisted of a careful balance between individual needs and wants, and the more important group dynamics. The major interests of these people were the big three influences of the times: dope, sex, and rock 'n' roll.

Heavenly Breakfast is, on one level, a lovely description of a time when dreams were much less fragile than they are now, an evocation of a more innocent time when all you had to do was say it and it was so. The author shows a deep empathy toward his people's thoughts and feelings, and the unseeming reader will find, within these rambling arguments and observations about the ways people live together. Yet the novel is curiously removed. It reads more like an anthropological treatise written by one who cares a great deal about the culture under examination but who cannot escape a distancing. Part of the problem is that while Delany carefully analyzes the people around him, he never seems to place himself into the structure. Without the author's presence, the points he is trying to make are ultimately trivial.

The other Delany book is *Tales of Nevèrÿon*, which is one of the author's richest and most carefully written books to date. Delany's early career was typified by pyrotechnic prose and imagery, large scale plotting involving galactic empires and characters who controlled the destinies of millions. In books like the superb *Nova*, *Nevèrÿon* (or VER, for) moves in the opposite direction. It is a series of subtly linked tales set in a period so long ago that "business itself" was a concept only five generations old.

Delany subtly realizes that the kind of progress that gave us the culture we have now is a process of simplification moving in step with technological sophistication. The many different societies encountered in the book are astonishingly complex and very carefully delineated. Here is a quote leading up to a detailed description of Delany's point:

> that the hierarchy of prestige branched, that the branches interwove, and that the interweavings in several places formed perfectly closed, inexplicable loops, as well as observed that the presence of this earl or that thane (nor to mention this steward or that attendant) could throw a whole subsection of the system into a different linking altogether.

But the court intrigue is just one small part of Delany's huge task, which is nothing less than the explication of the beginnings of civilization in all its ramifications. Note particularly the "Tale of Old Venn" and its amazing picture of a society just beginning to use the concept of money, and the various ways blatant and subtle, in which the society is altered by this new concept.

Delany has always been known as a careful, though eccentric, prose stylist. Here he has refined his craft to a painful perfection. Every sentence is an elaborately polished gem, machined to a precise tolerance and set carefully into place. Here is an example that describes a barbarian's view of the kind of work that consists mostly of thought, that

done at a desk with paper and pencil. The barbarian cannot conceive of "work" as being anything other than the purely physical.

> To pass the Vizerine's open door and see Myrgot at her desk, head bent over a wrapped pair of compasses in one hand, and a straight edge in the other (which to that clever, curious and ambitious apprentice would have signed work) and then to pass the same door later and see her standing beside her desk, looking vacantly toward some cloud passing by the high, beveled window, which to the same apprentice would have signed a leisure that could reasonably be minded upon, thus making her orders never to appear (for a lover at any rate, patently unreasonable) were real—he simply did not distinguish. Their textures were both so rich, so complex, and so unusual to him that he read no structure of meaning in either, much less did he read the meaning of those structures somehow as opposites.

This book is not a quick read. It deserves the kind of careful attention that went into the construction of the sentence above. As with most of Delany's works, *Neveryon* can be read on many different levels. There is a thread of a plot, a sense of events that leads reasonably to a conclusion, on that level it is an excellent, low keyed barbarian adventure. It can be read as a microcosm of human interaction, as in Delany's fleshing out of several very different cultures, and in his demonstration of the ways in which they clash and/or augment each other. It can be read as a cautionary tale, as most of the elements entering into society that we recognize as modern are presented as corruptions of a better way of doing things.

But the most interesting level is that set forth in the appendix, formidably titled "Some Informal Remarks Toward the Modular Calculus, Part Three." Here Delany launches into a lengthy discussion of the origins of writing and its attendant social order—civilization. Specifically, Delany discusses the various theories surrounding the Culthar Text, which gave us the legends of Gilgamesh, and is the earliest known example of narrative prose. In this discussion, Delany throws us a flurry of clues leading to the conclusion that in *Tales of Neveryon* he has taken on the task of fleshing out those fragments, stripping them of most of their mythology, and giving us a detailed novelized version of this, the first recorded story. The appendix ends on an odd sardonic bit of ambiguous whimsy that seems to be the author's arcane sense of humor, and which detracts from his fascinating thesis.

I did manage to find something about the book I didn't like. It is Delany's pronounced antimale bias, often encountered among male feminists experiencing existential guilt. This shows up throughout *Neveryon* in forms ranging from the subtle to the obvious. Men are presented, for the most part, as posturing decorative fools, with the women holding together and running the entire society. A crude example of this is the following excerpt from a creation myth narrated by a woman. God is punishing one of the first women for a transgression, and thus creates the first man. Here God is beating her severely with tree trunks:

> and where you beat her about the groin her womb was broken and collapsed on itself, and rags of flesh fell dangling from her loins, so that when they healed, her womb was forever sealed and useless, and the rags of flesh hanging between her legs were forever sore and sensitive, so that it (!) was forever touching and messaging to them, where upon they would leak their infectious pus.

This upsets me, as I have always considered men and women to be obviously different, but ultimately equal. Any statement of superiority of one sex over the other leads to insurmountable problems.

But Delany's book is a sumptuous feast. His antimale attitude merely adds a leavening dollop of complaint in the book's slim 245 pages. Delany has painted a highly detailed canvas, using the smallest of brush strokes. He has succeeded admirably in the thesis brought out in the following quote from T.S. Eliot that prefaces one of the sections of the book:

> The justification of such abbreviation of method is that the sequence of images coincides and concentrates into one intense impression of barbaric civilization. The reader has to allow the images to fall into his memory successively, without questioning the reasonableness of each at the moment: so that, at the end, a total effect is produced.

The last book under discussion here is one of the great flaky books of this century. It is by that master of the flaky book, Philip José Farmer. It is entitled *Jesus on Mars*.

In the near future, the first manned NASA Mars expedition lands and discovers large underground caverns filled with millions of Jewish humans, and the literal Jesus Christ, who has been living among these people for the past two thousand years. Actually, he only spends about a week out of every two months among the people, the rest of the time he lives inside a nuclear reactor.

The book contains scene after meticulous scene that will cause the reader to come to a full halt and boggle. Imagine the consternation in the Israeli parliament when they get a message radioed from orbit from Jesus Christ, asking permission to land a Martian spaceship in Jerusalem. Here is one of my favorites. Jesus is proving his identity to the skeptical astronauts. He has brought a live ram on stage, and then has someone chop off its head with an ax:

> its edge sheered through the woolly skin, the heavy muscles of the neck, the bones, and the skin. The head fell off, blood spurted out, soaking the lower part of Jesus's blue robe and the bare feet beneath.
>
> Brownski whispered, "That's not the proper kosher method of killing an animal. But I suppose it's not going to be eaten, so it makes no difference."
>
> Jesus walked through the blood, stopped, picked up the ram's head and held it high. The blood ran down his hands and arms. Then he got down on his knees, affixed the head to the ram's body, and stood up. He raised his eyes upward; his mouth moved silently. He knelt down again, ran his fingers over the severed portion, and stood up. He backed away.
>
> The ram rose unsteadily to its feet. Its head did not fall off.
>
> Jesus pointed a finger, and the beast trotted off into the cage.

This kind of book could have degenerated into slapstick very easily, but Farmer never lets it. As hilarious as the book is, it is impossible to detect any sign of Farmer's tongue entering his cheek. He plays it absolutely straight throughout. Even Jesus' dialogue, while colloquial, arrogant, and self satisfied, [illegible].

Farmer has apparently spent a lot of time researching the book. It is filled with careful and well thought out speculations into the nature of a Judaism that would evolve in a society where a literal Messiah has been walking and living with them for a hundred generations. It is a fascinating and utopic society that never loses any of its essential Jewishness.

This is a very smoothly written book, one that could be read in a couple of hours. The prose throughout is excellent, with little of the pretentious meandering of Farmer's previous book *The Dark Design*. His handling of the four astronauts' breakdown of their various prejudices and beliefs in the face of patent absurdity is skillfully handled.

There are two complaints, both seeming to come out of a failure of nerve. Granted, it took quite a bit of courage for a professional writer whose reputation is his livelihood to write this book, but I was disappointed in a basic cop-out, where Farmer decides to give the more disturbed readers the slight possibility that it might not be after all, the true Messiah. The attributes of Jesus are established to the point where it is irrelevant whether or not he is, he is the real Christ; he fulfills the same role in the story either way. The other failure is the infuriatingly inconclusive ending. But unless the outrageously wide-eyed template of the Book of Revelations is used as a basis for the ending, which would turn the book into a burlesque, I'll be damned if I know what kind of ending would be possible at all.

But these are minor niches. This one is pure fun. The book is highly recommended to those biblical scholars and students of Western religion with a sense of humor, and also to fans of Monty Python's *Life of Brian*. Jesus is developing a decidedly odd reputation in the arts lately.

Eyes of Amber, by Joan Vinge. 979. Signet. $1.95.

Heavenly Breakfast, by Samuel R. Delany. 1979. Bantam, $1.95.

Tales of Neveryon, by Samuel R. Delany. 979. Bantam. $1.95.

Jesus on Mars, by Philip José Farmer. 979. Pinnacle. $1.95.

MUZICK by Lou Stathis

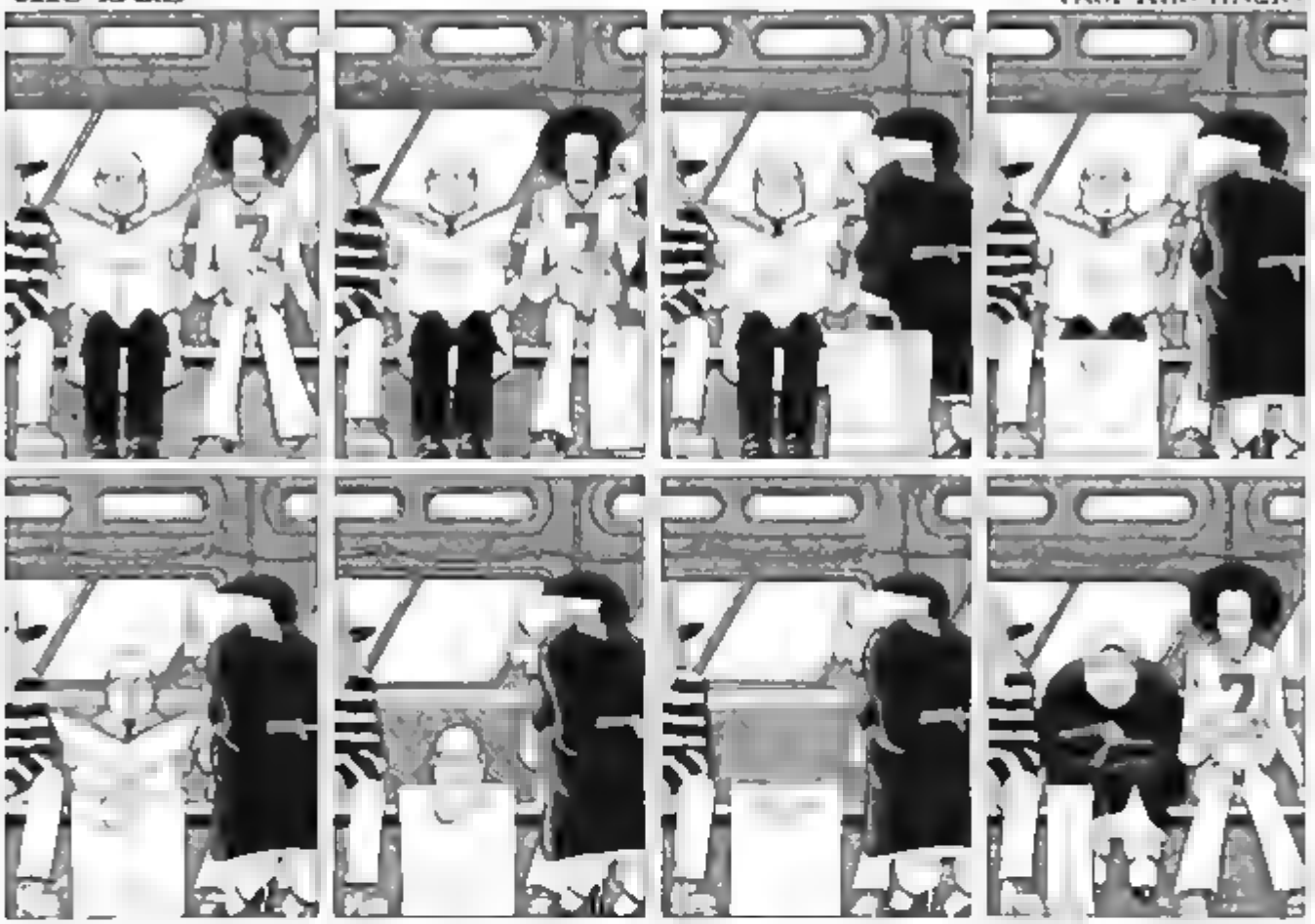
[illegible]

The lackluster output of the seventies is made obvious by the simple disparity shown above. Plumbing only to the most superficial depths of my nascent mind, I can immediately name a full half dozen rock bands that interjected life and creative energy into a stagnant bitter form, each with something unique and desirable to offer on their own. If I actually got down and used my brain, I could easily come up with more, but that sort of drastic action wouldn't do the pathetic seventies any good. Granted, there are some halfways and almosts, and bands that built great things on the pioneering work of the sixties (done either by themselves or others), but none of them really stand above the rest in the way of Roxy Music and the Sex Pistols. Few others were doing anything that related directly to the times, that reflected the reality of the era.

Roxy were the great synthesizers/hybridizers of the time, while the Pistols were the catalysts for the new wave deluge that followed. It's interesting that both of them began as essentially *image* bands, more conscious of visual style than music style. The Pistols were manufactured in 1975 to Malcolm McLaren's specifications, an embodiment of his twisted Marxist-nihilist vision of a crumbling England. They were a textbook personification of what George Melly called Revolt into Style: the very essence of punk. Kick-ass aggression. Music loud enough to ripple the muscles on your chest and make the hairs in your ears wiggle and jerk. There's emotion, and a great power to that emotion. Smash and jerk music. (George Melly again.) McLaren and

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER



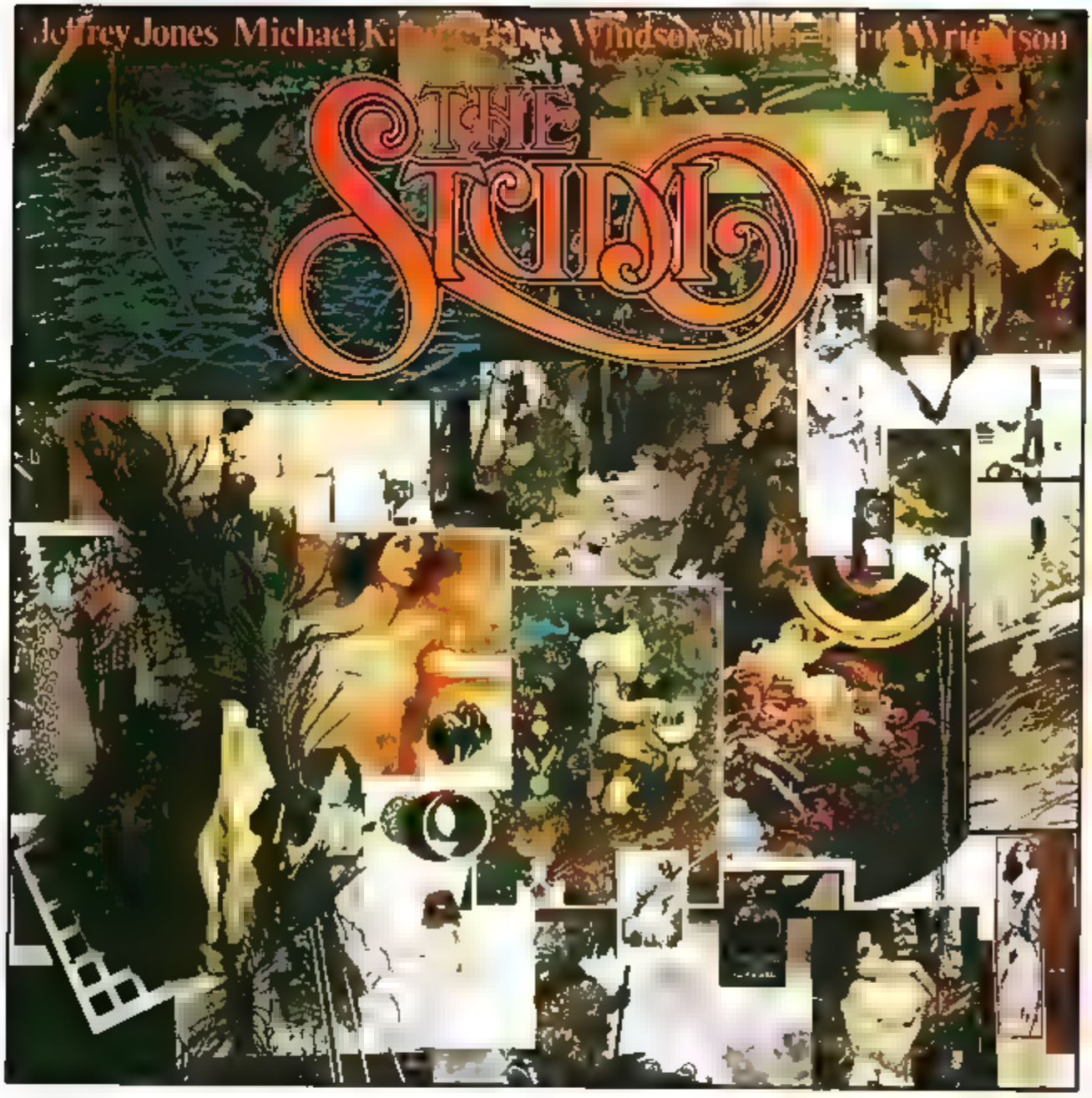
he Pistols gave that back to rok, and Johnny Rotten brought the true rok and roll animal back into fashion (the best since Iggy). Their public rise and bloody crucifixion by the media provided the world with the prototype and brought forth the entire new wave, whether the practitioners played smash and grab music or not.

This brings us retroactively to Roxy Music, who three years earlier proved the value of deviance as a credo. They formed for the express purpose of being *different*, as a look at the inside-gatefold photos on the first two album jackets (original releases only, will prove) and to bring a bit of space to dull, and boring times. Their strategy was an almost formalist study in anarchy within the rok form, in the manner of surrealism, twisting the rules of an out of shape past for the sake of doing it. In a chronology measured in vinyl, the experiment lasted for two LPs before a conflict in temperament dissolved the band into two unequal units. It was a clash of the flamboyant musical hedonism of Brian Eno, the group's sound technician/shaper and emerging tactician with the bloody decadent romanticism of nominal group leader Bryan Ferry. This divergence of personalities (and, in Ferry's mind, inequity of public attention) proved too much for a band that otherwise thrived on the fruits of artistic tension. Roxy Music continued on as an underrated and engagingly eccentric backup band for Ferry's ego morning, for the moment, the individual group members' solo efforts, which were far more interesting) while elsewhere the entity of Eno was born.

Eno probably was/is the most important figure in seventies rok. I suppose I could go back and amend the opening to this column to read that the seventies could be summed up in three letters, but that would be too much for even me to take seriously. I've heard it said that Eno's "Seven Deadly Finns" single of 1974 was singlehandedly responsible for the new wave—that too is just a bit much. Not only does it deny the real contributions of a shitload of people, but it misses the essential elitism of Eno's stuff that put most rok and rollers off. To my ears, it seems more precognitive than progenitive—in that it didn't so much point the way as give us the sense of déjà vu four or five years later when we listen to bands like Ultravox! and Magazine. More importantly, Eno opened the doors of potential by throwing out the rules of music making drawn up by musicians, freeing the form by letting a nonmusician make the rules. By changing the emphasis from the product to the process, Eno caused the creation of some of the sweetest vibrations to shake a speaker cone in years. Putting aside the fact that the man has waxed some catchy tunes in his time, Eno has acted as a kind of signalman, calling attention to all the ways of making music no one ever thought of before—or at least didn't think of applying to the making of rok music. As a direct result we have dozens of groups mining territory today that Eno showed was worth diddling around in—bands like the Cars, Magazine, Gary Numan and Tubeway Army, Wire, Devo, the Residents, Pere Ubu, Talking Heads, XTC, and a whole crock of others, all of whom will swear on Elvis's grave that they were playing that way long before they ever heard the limey wimp's name). To say nothing of the rehabilitation job he did at the Old Folks Studio on Fripp and Bowie.

Which reminds me. In the interest of fairness, objective journalism, truth, justice, and the American way, a curt nod—at the very least—should be directed toward those brave few who labored valiantly for meager rewards in the barren fields of the nineteen seventies. King Crimson, while they were technically a sixties band (first album released in 1969), hit their stride with the Fripp-Bruford-Wetton incarnation circa 1974. The first side of *Red* has got to be the deadliest stretch of vinyl in existence. Yes built on the sixties progressive spirit and reached a simultaneous creative peak and death with *Close to the Edge* in 1972, just when they were on the verge of achieving something memorable. Genesis also reached maturity in 1972 (with the release of both *Nursery Cryme* and *Foxtrot*) but continued to progress before losing the big one a few years later. They produced one genuine masterpiece, *The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway*, in 1974 and a couple of mere aesthetically superior platters, *A Selling England by the Pound* (1973) and *Trick of the Tail* (1976). In Germany, the kraut space cadets nexus of Tangerine Dream, Klaus Schulze, et al borrowed some licks from the Pink Floyd psychedelic handbook and transmuted it in 1973-4 into the audio-synthetic equivalent of a handful of mescaline. And dozens more, that I will merely list, out of deference to my laziness and your short attention span: Bowie, the New York Dolls, Ramones, Television, Todd Rundgren, Robert Wyatt, Can, Patti Smith, Kraftwerk, Gong, Kevin Ayers, Mott the Hoople, blah blah blah.

So that, boys and girls, was the soporific seventies. Wash yourself well and pray to God that the smell comes off. Next month, we'll be looking ahead with hope and trepidation to the eighties, an era that is already testing our sanity and moral fortitude with punk futurism and electronic head bashing. Ta-ta. ■



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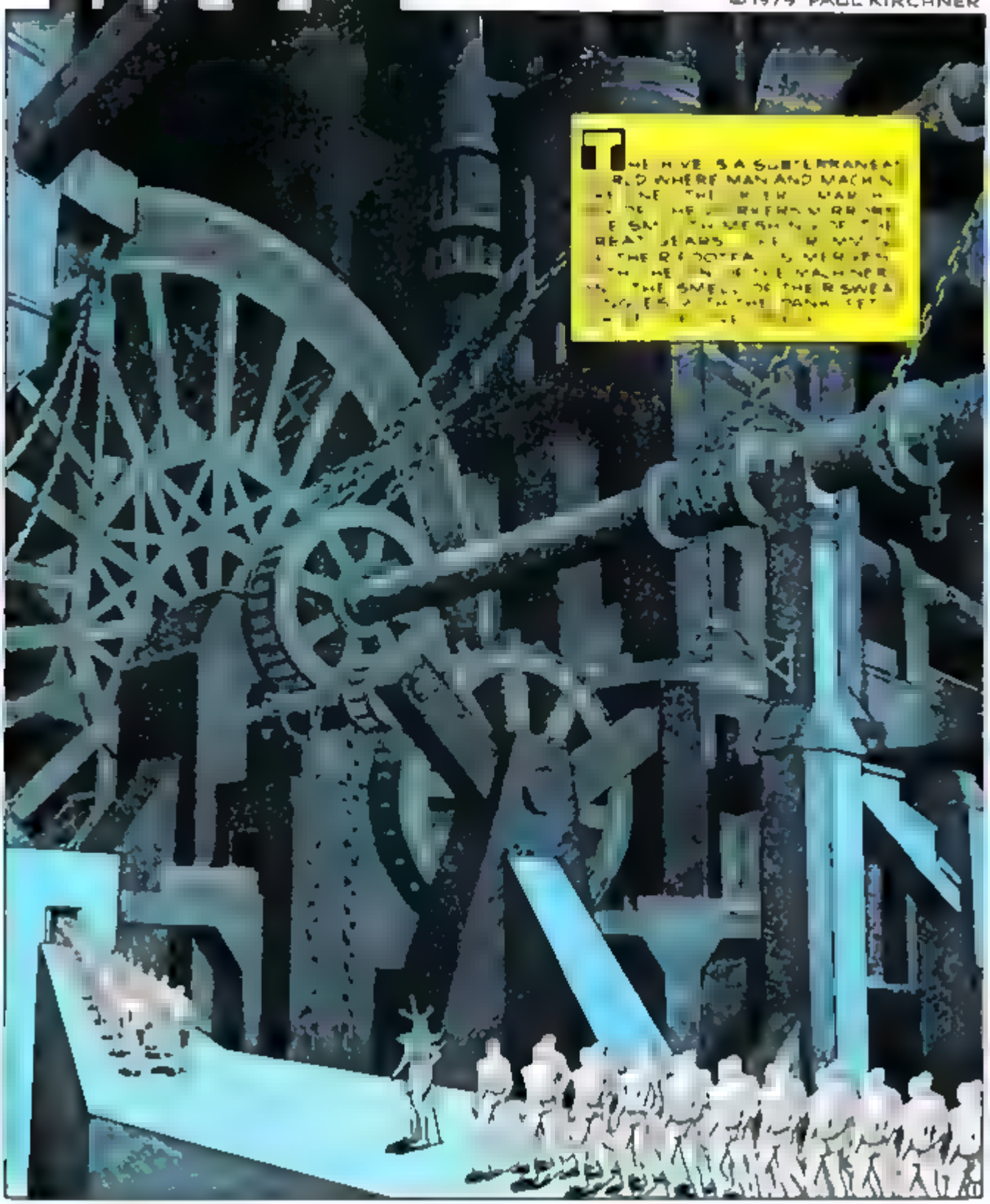
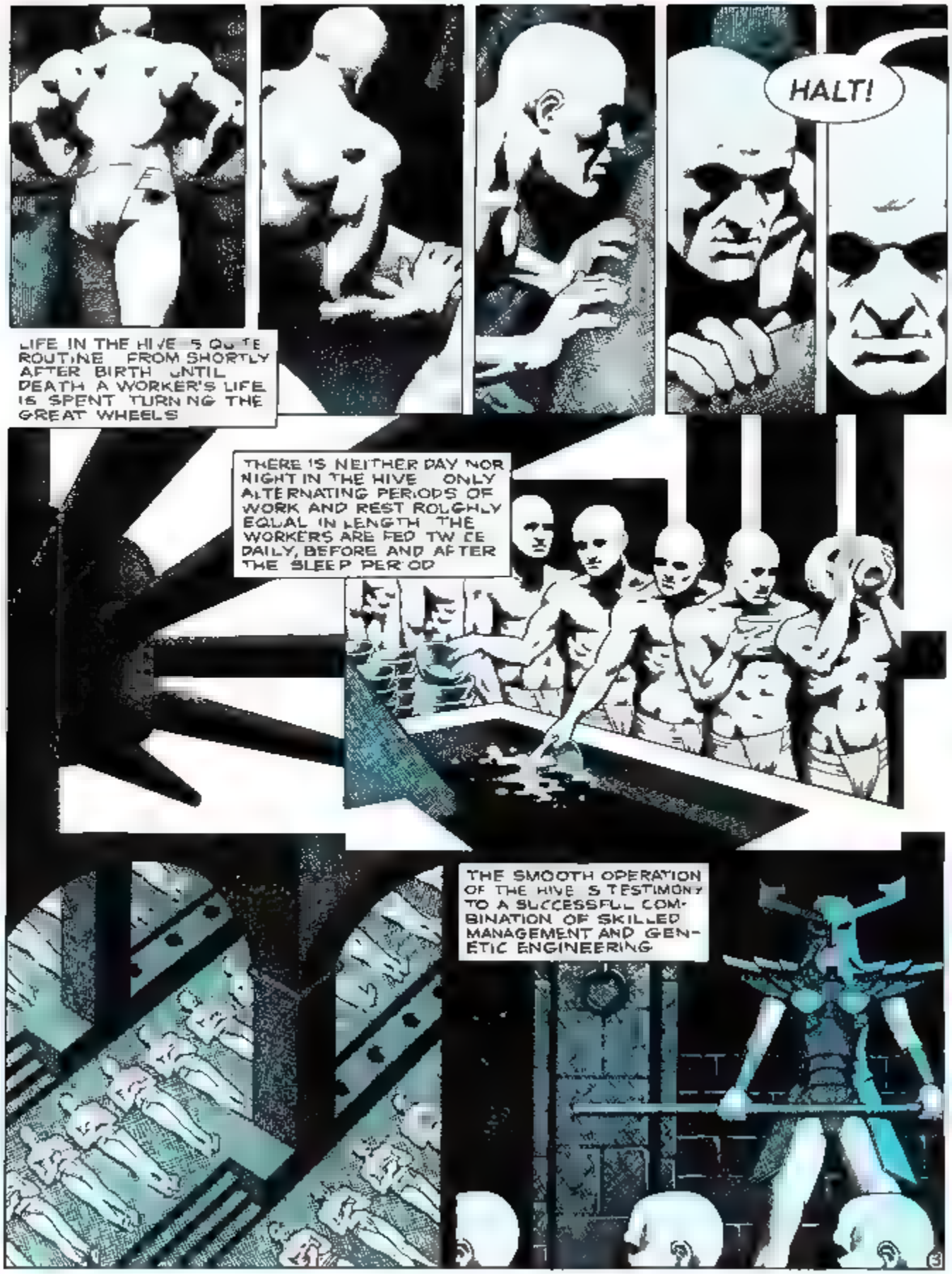
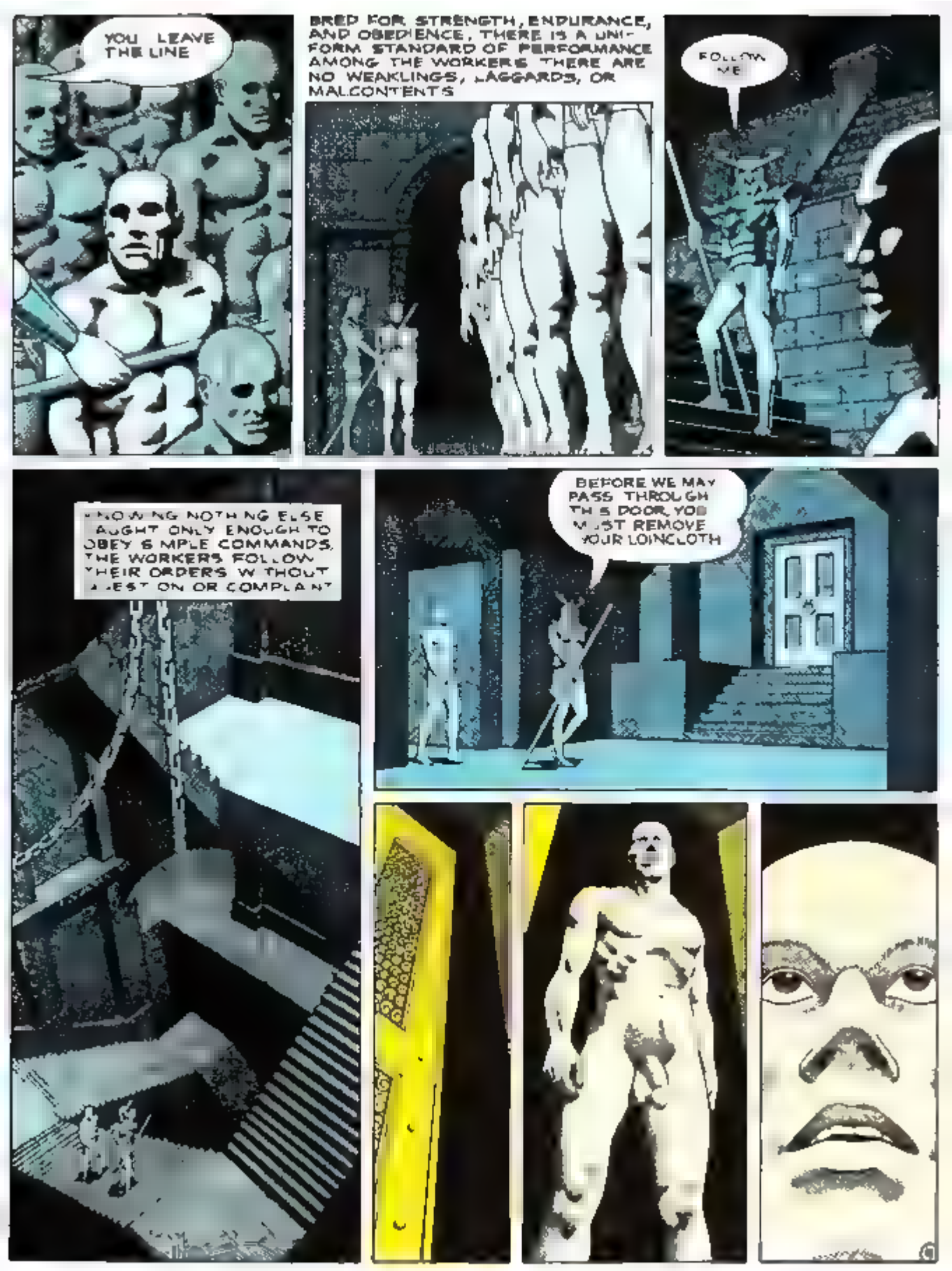
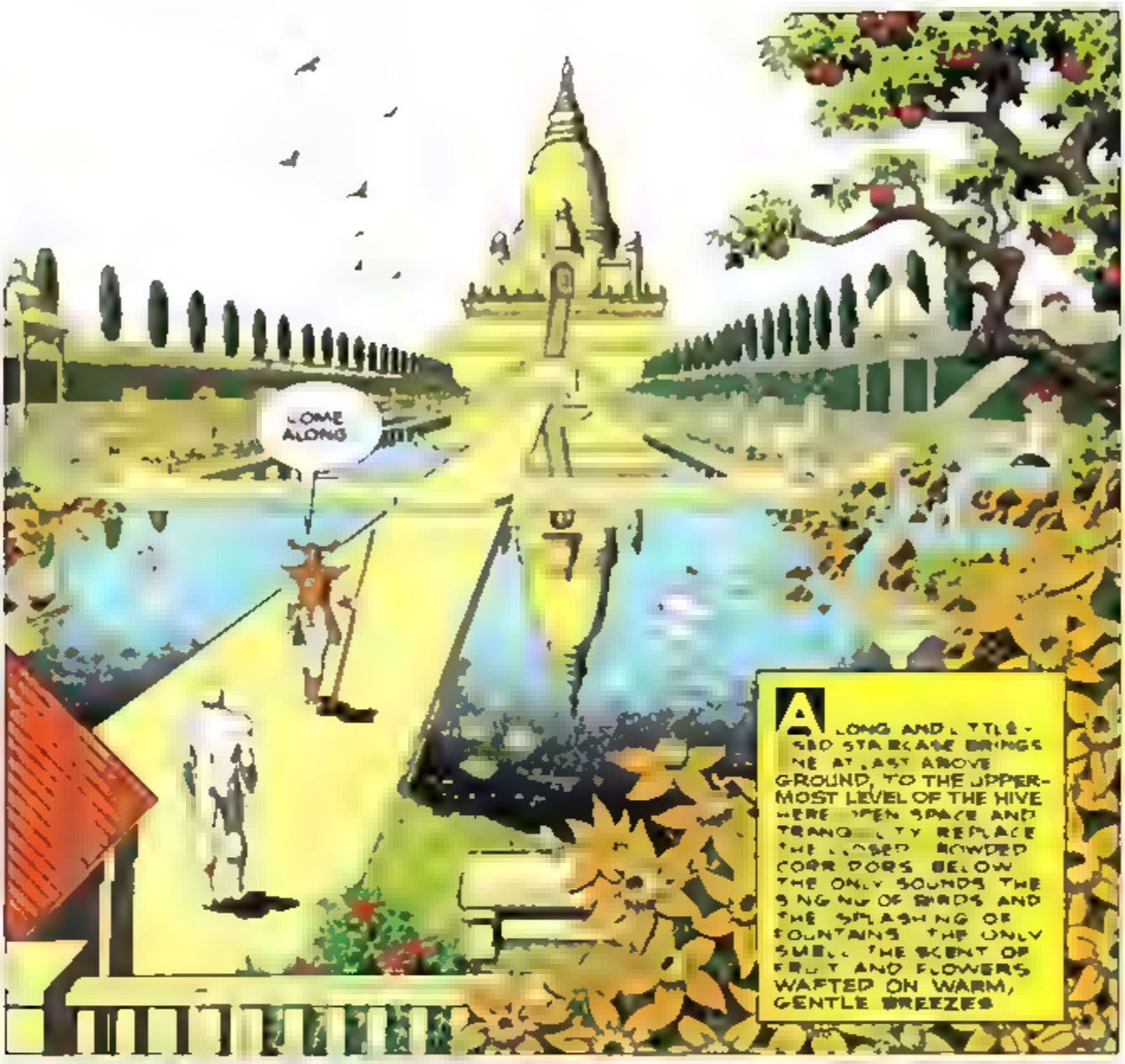
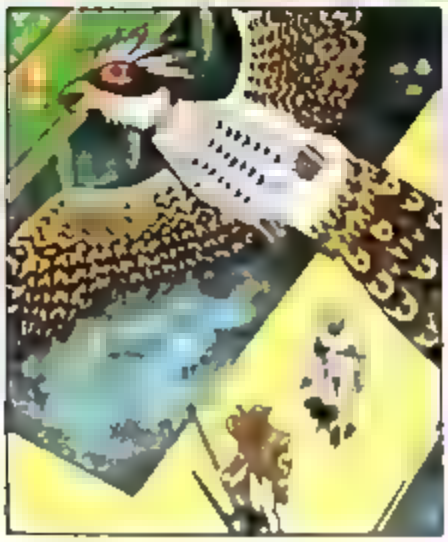


THE WORKERS ARE DIVIDED INTO CREWS OF SIXTY MEN WHO EAT SLEEP AND WORK AS A BODY
AT THE HEAD OF EACH BODY OF WORKERS IS A DRONE A SEX LESS FEMALE WHO DIRECTS THEIR TASKS
PUSH!

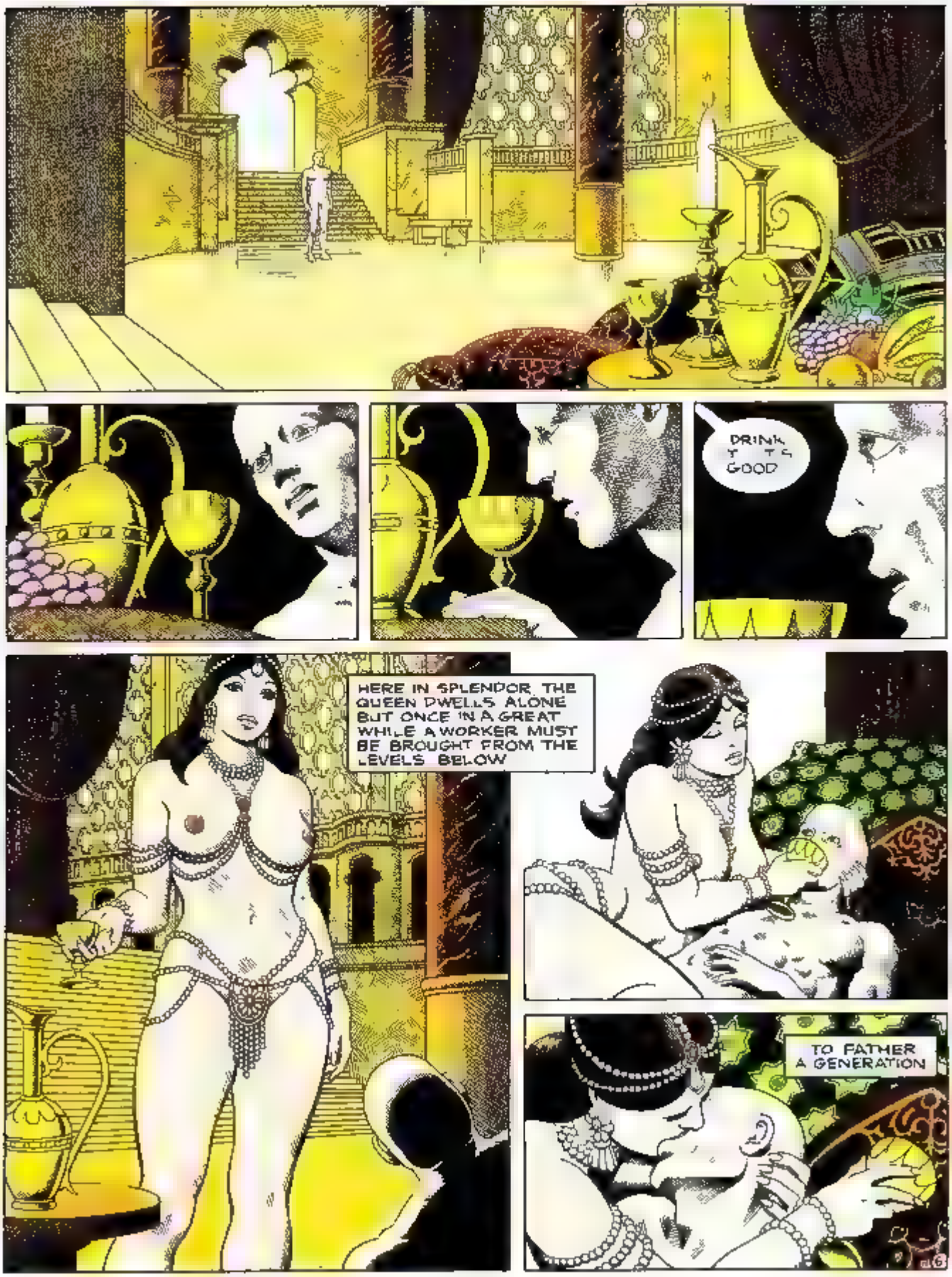

HALT!
LIFE IN THE HIVE IS QUITE ROUTINE FROM SHORTLY AFTER BIRTH UNTIL DEATH A WORKER'S LIFE IS SPENT TURNING THE GREAT WHEELS
THERE IS NEITHER DAY NOR NIGHT IN THE HIVE ONLY ALTERNATING PERIODS OF WORK AND REST ROUGHLY EQUAL IN LENGTH THE WORKERS ARE FED TWICE DAILY, BEFORE AND AFTER THE SLEEP PERIOD
THE SMOOTH OPERATION OF THE HIVE IS TESTIMONY TO A SUCCESSFUL COMBINATION OF SKILLED MANAGEMENT AND GENETIC ENGINEERING

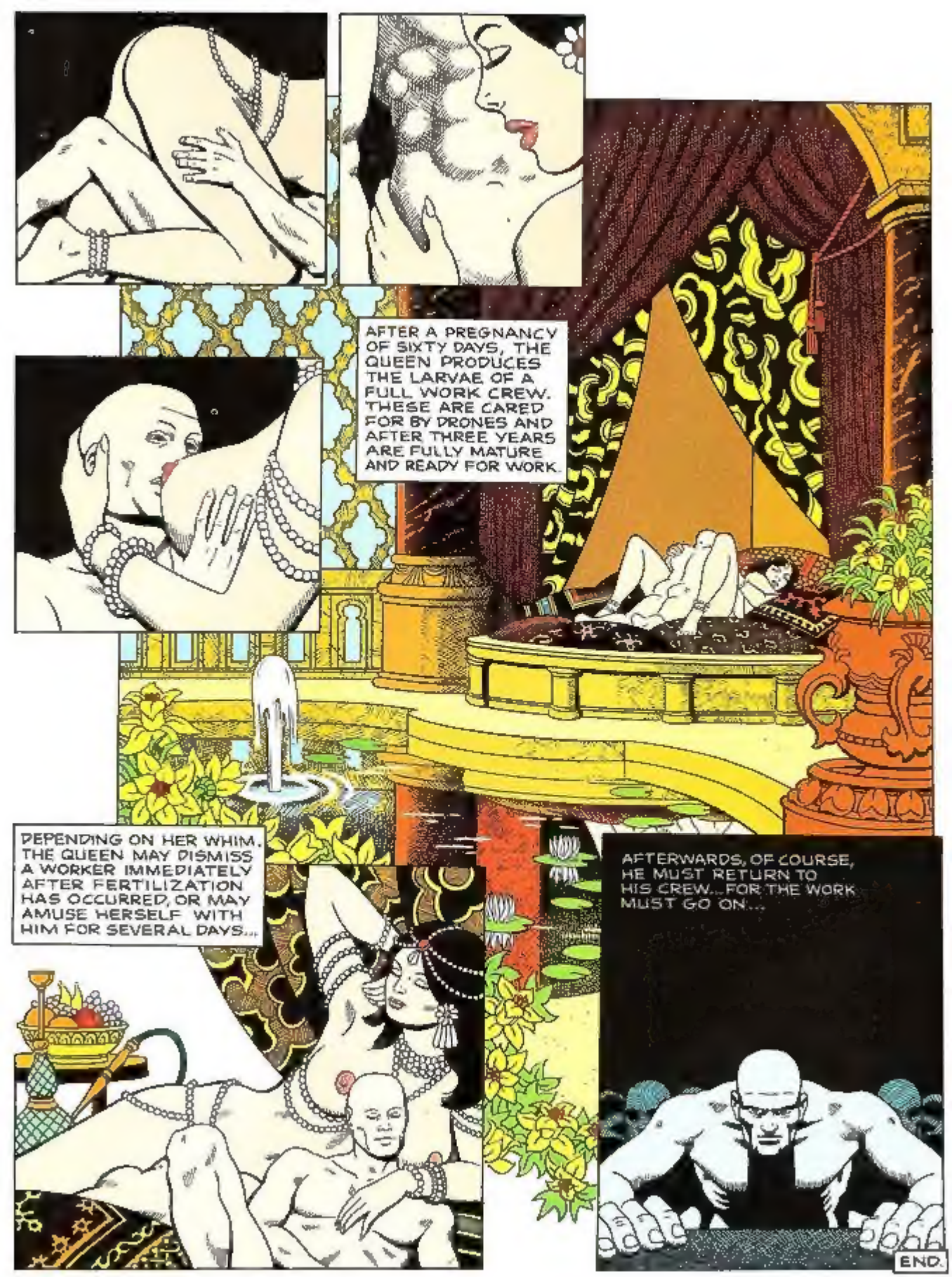

YOU LEAVE THE LINE
BRED FOR STRENGTH, ENDURANCE, AND OBEDIENCE, THERE IS A UNIFORM STANDARD OF PERFORMANCE AMONG THE WORKERS. THERE ARE NO WEAKLINGS, LAGGARDS, OR MALCONTENTS
FOLLOW ME
KNOWING NOTHING ELSE AUGHT ONLY ENOUGH TO OBEY SIMPLE COMMANDS, THE WORKERS FOLLOW THEIR ORDERS WITHOUT JEST OR COMPLAINT
BEFORE WE MAY PASS THROUGH THIS DOOR, YOU MUST REMOVE YOUR LOINCLOTH


COME ALONG
A LONG AND LITTLE-USED STAIRCASE BRINGS ME AT LAST ABOVE GROUND, TO THE UPPERMOST LEVEL OF THE HIVE WHERE OPEN SPACE AND TRANQUILITY REPLACE THE CROWDED CORRIDORS BELOW. THE ONLY SOUNDS THE SINGING OF BIRDS AND THE SPLASHING OF FOUNTAINS. THE ONLY SMELL, THE SCENT OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS WAFTED ON WARM, GENTLE BREEZES.



ENTER THE TEMPLE I WILL WAIT HERE


DRINK IT IS GOOD
HERE IN SPLENDOR THE QUEEN DWELLS ALONE BUT ONCE IN A GREAT WHILE A WORKER MUST BE BROUGHT FROM THE LEVELS BELOW
TO FATHER A GENERATION


AFTER A PREGNANCY OF SIXTY DAYS, THE QUEEN PRODUCES THE LARVAE OF A FULL WORK CREW. THESE ARE CARED FOR BY DRONES AND AFTER THREE YEARS ARE FULLY MATURE AND READY FOR WORK.
DEPENDING ON HER WHIM, THE QUEEN MAY DISMISS A WORKER IMMEDIATELY AFTER FERTILIZATION HAS OCCURRED, OR MAY AMUSE HERSELF WITH HIM FOR SEVERAL DAYS...
AFTERWARDS, OF COURSE, HE MUST RETURN TO HIS CREW... FOR THE WORK MUST GO ON...
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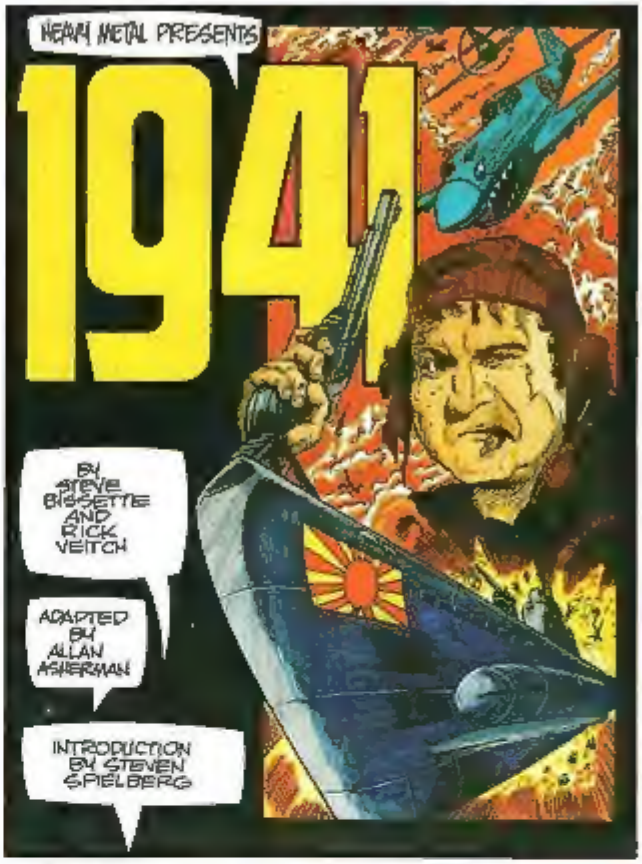

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